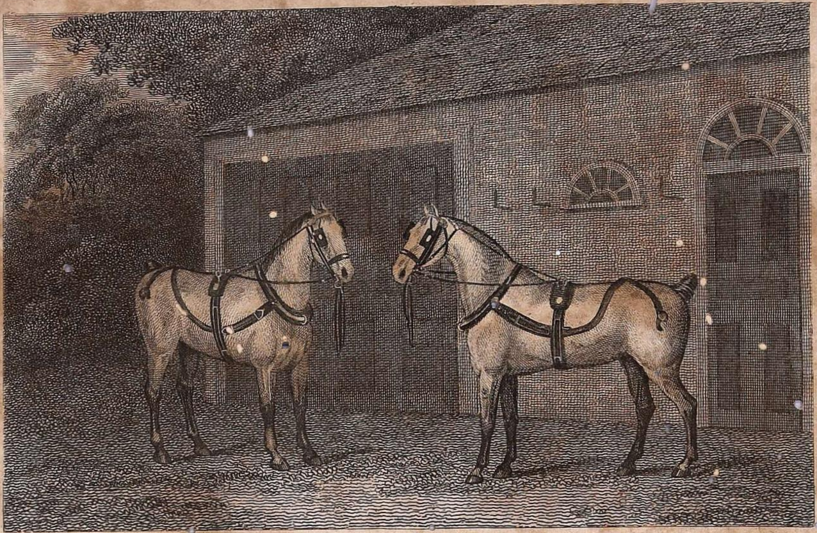

Coach Horses,

Published Oct. 1. 1800, by J. Wheble. Warwick Square.

Serfojee Rajah 1817.

THE Sporting Magazine, OR MONTHLY CALENDAR of the TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF THE CHACE

And every other Diversion

Interesting to the

Man of Pleasure, Enterprize & Spirit.

VOLUME THE SIXTEENTH.

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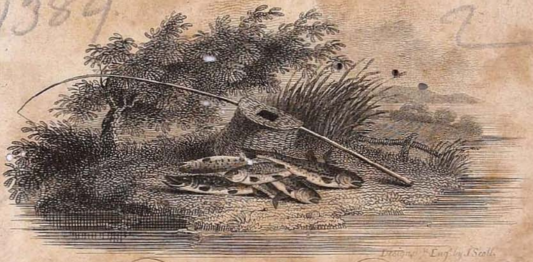

Designed & Eng. by J. Scott.

LONDON.

Printed for the PROPRIETOR and Sold by J. WHEBLE,

No. 18, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Pauls,

MDCCC.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

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MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE, AND SPIRIT.

For APRIL, 1800.

CONTAINING,

	Page
Journal of the Royal Chase	3
Renewal of the Operas at Paris	6
Roman Fifers, or Flute-Players	7
Masquerade at Hamburgh	ibid
——— at Ranelagh	ibid
A Sublime Entertainment	8
Description of late Tippo Saib's Musical Tiger	ibid
Review of the Anatomy of the Horse	9
The Three Thieves; or, Hamet and Bernard	10
Treatise on Horses	12
Betsey Bright-eye to the Editor, in support of low Carriages	16
Ludicrous Account of Bullock-hunting	ibid.
Matrimonial Sporting	17
Account of Races at Bombay	20
Sporting Advertisement	21
New Mode of managing Dove-Cots	22
Ancient Combats in Tothilfields	24
Naturalizing Salt-Water Fish	ibid.
Ancient Manner of Hunting in the Highlands of Scotland	25
The Diary of a celebrated Police Officer	26
Burlesque upon Private Routs	27
The Wild Huntsman	28
April Fooling Extraordinary	30
Pike-Fishing	32
Moveable Orchestra of Hunting Music	33
Speeches of Mr. Windham, Sir W. Pulteney, Mr. Canning, Mr. Sheridan, &c. &c. at full length, in the Debate in the House of Commons, on the Bill to prevent Bull-baiting	34
Sporting Intelligence	41
Feast of Wit	44
POETRY.	
Meynells Hunt—a remarkable Day's Sport in Leicestershire	45
The Apparition	52
Racing Calendar	1-4

[Embellished with a beautiful Engraving of PLAY OR PAY, from a Painting of SARTORIUS; and an Etching of PIKE-FISHING, by HOWIT.]

London:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;

And Sold by J. WHEBLE, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's; C. CHAPPLE, 66, Pall-mall, opposite St. James's Place; J. BOOTH, Duke Street, Portland Place; JOHN HILTON, at Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

W. JUSTINS, PRINTER, PEMBERTON ROW, GOUGH SQUARE.

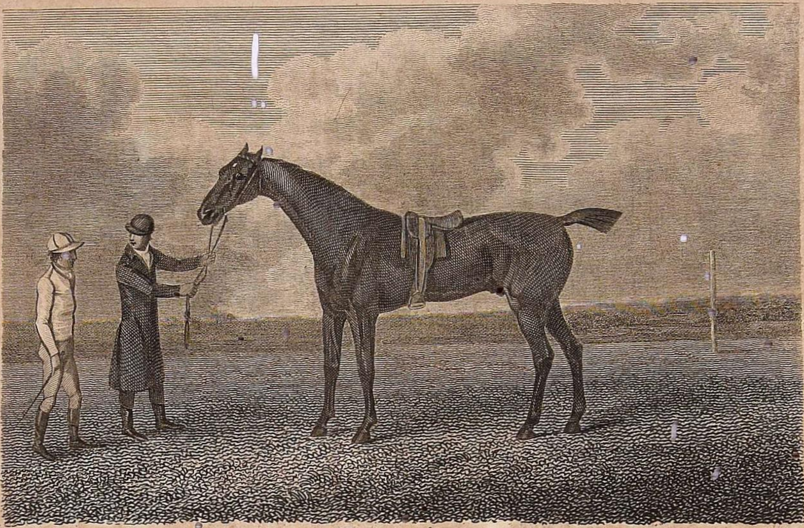
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are much obliged to the Gentleman who sent us the POETRY from Leicestershire: he will perceive that we have postponed a number of Metrical Communications, to make room for its immediate insertion.

J. B.'s Communications from LEWES, are under consideration. His packet being double, was charged One Shilling and Eightpence—a considerable drawback upon the value of any communication not immediately relative to Sporting; and especially, when its *original*, &c. is *doubtful*.

The Gentlemen who have sent us some pretty RHYMES from RUGBY, are informed, that Love-Lorn Ditties, and other things, in which "pure description holds the place of sense," do not suit our plan. In reply to their Mottos, selected from Horace, and with a wish to prevent their loss of time, we refer them to the following decision of that great master—

" ——————*Mediocribus esse Poetis*
Non homines, non Di, non concessere columnæ."



Play or Pay.

Published May 1,1800, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE,

For APRIL 1800.

PLAY OR PAY.

A beautiful Engraving, by Scott, from a Painting of Sartorius.

HAVING perused our former Numbers, we do not find that the pedigree of this Horse has been given; consequently, we solicit some of our friends to furnish us with the Pedigree and Performances of Play or Pay.

JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL CHASE.

CONFIDENT we are, our readers will feel no small concern at the unlucky termination of one of the best chases with the stag-hounds we ever had an opportunity to recite. On Tuesday the 25th of March, one of the best running deer was turned out before his Majesty, and a very numerous field, at Farnham Common, two miles from Salt Hill; when, going off in the highest stile imaginable, and the scent laying exceedingly well, the slow horses soon began to fail incredibly, and the greater part of the originals were in one hour scattered and distributed in different parts of the country through which they had passed. Having gone a-head, without turning to right or left, he passed by Beaconsfield, and on to Amersham, through Mr. Drake's Park; and passing near Wycombe, topped the towering flinty hills and intervening vales of Bucks, in a direct line for Aylesbury; when being obstructed from his intended course, he turned obliquely to the right, and continued the alternate woods and glades some miles from Wycombe; when, having beaten the hounds very considerably, (and thought to be at least three quarters of an hour before them) the scent became suddenly fresh, and they continued to run, breast high, for near two miles, when coming up to the fence of a beechen wood, they topped it at full cry, and the pack came suddenly upon the carcase lying in a stream of blood fresh issuing from a wound in the neck, where a ball had evidently entered at one side, and passed out at the other. In this mortifying dilemma things were when his Majesty came, and all remained in the same state, till two officers, who had been taking a morning ride from Wycombe, and accidentally came up, were enabled to afford a little elucidation to the subject, by explaining to his Majesty, that about half an hour before, when riding along the road half a mile, or more, below the part of the steep hill upon which they then stood, they had heard the report of a gun exactly in the spot where the dead carcase then lay; that they then looked toward it, and observed the smoak from the gun, and from which spot they saw two men in their shirt sleeves (with a dog) running away. From which circumstance, it is supposed, the deer having so far beaten his pursuers, as to leave them so long unheard behind, had induced him to lay down by the side of the covert, where he commanded a view of the country he had passed; and being seen so to do by the aggressors (who were wood-cutters) they

 had

had gone to their cottage, and after providing themselves with the instruments of death, had shot him as he lay, he having been tracked by the blood for thirty or forty yards to the fence he leaped before he fell. Proper enquiries were made to discover the offenders.

This chase was four hours, and one of the severest (including flinty hills and stony woods) ever known. Several dangerous falls were experienced without injury. A gentleman of Maidenhead was most severely hurt; but by bleeding, and means used by the faculty, we hear he reached home the same evening.

The King's hunt, on the 8th instant, was of great length, and very severe for the horses, affording but little entertainment to the riders; for the deer, being turned out upon Stoke-common, continued to run the woods and commons of Farnham, and its neighbourhood, in repeated *circles*, *heads*, and *doubles*, for three hours, and was taken near Langley-common, not five miles from where he was turned out.

His Majesty was, a few days since, fixed in an aukward predicament, at the termination of the chase; for the deer being taken near, and brought into the Pigeons at Brentford, on the market-day, this caused so great a consternation, that, what with those who wished to have a *full view* of his Majesty, and those who were anxious to have *a view* of the deer, the stalls in the market were *totally deserted*; of course, gingerbread, and the paraphernalia of coats, gowns, cloaks, petticoats, and small cloaths, might have been had gratis, by any who chose *to make* the experiment of carrying them off. His Majesty was a long time surrounded by those whose attachment sufficiently demonstrated his person stood in no want of a *guard* for his protection.

ROYAL EASTER HUNT.

On Monday morning, the 13th, before ten, Lord Sandwich, as master of the stag hounds, with the gold couples suspended from his hunting belt, as the badge of office, was in waiting with the stag hounds at Cæsar's Camp, near Wickham Bushes, the highest of the high hills in the center of Bagshot Heath; where also were assembled, about one hundred and fifty horsemen; amongst whom were, Sir William Clayton, Sir Isaac Pocock, Sir John Lade, &c. &c. Several carriages had also encountered numerous difficulties to attain the summit of the hill, to enjoy the momentary gratification of seeing the deer *turned out*, and the hounds *laid on*; and this in, perhaps, one of the most boisterous mornings the sporting part of the world ever experienced upon a similar occasion. His Majesty, accompanied by the Duke of Cumberland, did not arrive till a quarter before eleven, when the deer was immediately liberated. After "erecting his crest," and taking a slight survey of the *posse comitatis* who were soon to become his pursuers, he went off with an almost unprecedented speed, seemingly conscious how *little law* he required from the hounds, which being permitted to draw up to the deer-cart in about five minutes, they instantly caught the scent, and went off with a rapidity much better conceived by our sporting readers, than it is within the extent of our ability to describe. A glow of emulation seemed to have pervaded every individual (both man and horse) of the field, forming, upon the open heath, one of the most animating scenes in nature; affording such ample scope for a display of the *utmost speed*, for the first six miles, that we never expect to see it exceeded. After complete racing to *head the hounds*, it was at length effected

effected at Finchampstead ridges, were they were stopped for only *two minutes*, in which time a very great part of the field *were well up*, and the hounds again permitted to *break away*. Just at this period, a *Young Sportsman*, who had previously determined "to take every thing in *his way*," rode into a flock of sheep, (making from the hounds) and, unluckily, broke the back of a fine wether, though he fortunately escaped unhurt. The deer continued his course through the Finchampstead inclosures to the heath, and over it, till, reaching Bakham Coombs, he turned to the left by Westcourt Bark, and reaching Eversley Black Water, there formed a semi-circle, and returned by the church of Finchampstead, the heath by Hannikin's Lodge, Easthampstead, and South-hill Parks to Swinley, where he was taken at the edge of the rabbit-warren, after a very good run of two hours and five minutes. His Majesty was never in better spirits, having, during the latter part of the chase, frequently encouraged the hounds, and even hollooed them himself to the *slot* of the deer, which he perceived on the sand, when they were slightly at fault.

On Thursday, the 17th, the deer was (as on Monday) turned out between Cæsar's Camp and Wickham Bushes, but with a considerable less field than on the former day (lame horses, *loss of leather*, and aching bones had, most probably, occasioned the perceptible falling off); going away most gallantly, the hounds were, after the customary flourish with the horns, immediately laid on; when, adverting to his own safety, and finding no time was to be lost, he, under this impulsive and predominant persuasion, most rapidly crossed the heath to the skirts of Sandhurst, Eversley, to the right through Finchampstead, Barkham, Bear Wood, Toutley Common, Bill Hill, Ashridge Wood, and Billingbear, a seat of Lord Braybrooke; where he was capitally run in to, after a most excellent and uninterrupted chase of two hours and a quarter. We cannot pass over the sport of the day without *sporting* an incontrovertible fact, that *two loungers*, well known in the purlieus of *Bond-street*, having agreed to "club the expences" of the day, sent their horses (called, or rather miscalled, hunters) over night, and coming *post-like*, in a *post-chaise*, in the morning, were absolutely *thrown out* in the *first* act of the *chase*, and in their return to town were heard most inveterately to exclaim at the first inn, "that the whole was a d—d bore, the deer was *starved*, the hounds were *infernally bad*, and not a *good horse* to be seen in the field;" from all which it is very fair to infer, they had only been accustomed to the *desperate* riding and "hair-breadth 'scapes" of *Rotten-row*.

THE EPPING HUNT

Has been so often described, that it would be mere repetition to relate what passed on Monday. The most remarkable feature of the day's sport was, the muddy appearance of the sportsmen; both horses and men were so bespattered, that they looked as if they had been rolled in a dirty ditch. The same description applies to Greenwich fair, which, on account of the weather, was not so gay as usual.

THE BERKELEY HOUNDS

Threw off on Wednesday, at the Shoulder of Mutton, Binfield, and the day terminated without sport worthy recital. On Saturday they met at the Golden Ball, near Bisham Park, and drawing the coverts there without success, crossed the Ferry at Cookham,

and soon unkennelled in Taplow Woods, where running the coverts of Dropmore, Farnham, and Stoke, the fox ran to earth after a tolerable chase of an hour. And on Tuesday the 15th, they again threw off at the coverts.

Renewal of the Operas at Paris.

[From the Moniteur of the 27th ult.]

IN whatever point of view we examine the opening of the *Bals de l'Opera*, it is a novelty that deserves to fix the attention of men who love to observe the revolutions of manners as of ideas; it is connected with a thousand circumstances, which concur in making the 18th Brumaire one of the most important periods of our history. In 1790, masked balls ceased to be given, and those who most felt the deprivation of the pleasures they afforded, agreed that, at a time when the passions, exasperated, divided the orders of the state, of families, and of individuals, it was prudent to close a career in which hatred might abuse that licence which custom had accorded to gaiety. Eight years are passed away. Crimes, errors, and tears, have marked every moment of that period, and when it should seem that resentment would be most inveterate, and the reflection of the past most galling, a government, which appeared to have undertaken the reconciliation of all parties and all opinions, has opened the Temple of Folly. Every one flocks to these Saturnalia, where, under the light veils which custom has forbid to raise, an unlimited freedom of speech is allowed, where suspicion addresses herself with a smile to those whom she accuses, and where the *bon ton* does not admit of the victim expressing either malice or violence against his perscutor.

The opera ball-room is opened—instantly it is filled—the people rush in crowds—their entry is like the billows of the ocean succeeding each other. Five or six thousand persons are confounded in a space too limited to contain them. A thousand varied disguises, a thousand elegant costumes, fanciful or grotesque, furnish ample scope for sallies of mirth and repartee of wit. Satire seems divested of all restraints—laughter every where abounds—confidence and joy are expressed on every countenance—the *Coriphees du Manege* salute one of the proscribed by the decree of Fructidor, who smiles and passes on. A journalist is embraced by a woman whom he has insulted! Not a quarrel, not an injury mingles with the airy revelries and amiable familiarities the ball authorises! The day surprises this mirthful troop, who for six or eight hours have breathed pleasure and indulgence, and buried in oblivion the remembrance of past terrors.—Curious and interesting picture!—Less so, however, by the times it recalls, than by those it presages. It is there we perceive, that the Revolutionary ferment has lost its activity; that the French, weary of hating and dreading each other, are now only disposed to extend to each other reciprocal union and forgiveness.

By observing seated at these sports some persons belonging to the family of the First Consul, it was supposed he was himself there in a private box, contemplating a spectacle so calculated to inspire the sentiment of a noble vanity. All who imagined they beheld him, were ready to exclaim—*Nobis hæc otia fecit.* Never, even at the period when Paris was at the height of its grandeur, did masked balls possess such universal attraction.

Roman

Roman Fifers, or Flute-Players.

LIVY tells a curious story of these gentlemen, not unapplicable to modern times. At an early period of the Roman Republic, having taken offence at some regulations which had been introduced by the Consul, took their departure to a man, and forsook the city. By their absence, the public shews, the processions, and many of the mysteries of religion, were either actually at a stand, or could not be duly administered. The Government was obliged to send a deputation to them in consequence, at Tibur, where they had retired. The Fifers were sturdy. The good offices of the Magistrates of Tibur were resorted to: all was in vain.

At last, the chief persons of that city who were desirous of rendering a service to their expiring neighbour, hit upon the following device to restore these musicians to the Romans.—They were asked to dinner at various houses of the nobility, and having drank to great excess, which these kind of people (says Livy) are ever prone to, they were packed up in waggons and driven, during the night, into the Market Place at Rome. In the morning, when they awoke from their wine and their sleep, they found themselves surrounded by the populace, who were cracking their jokes on them. Nothing, however, could prevail upon them to yield, and the Consuls were obliged to rescind their regulations, to allow them commons in the Capitol, and to stipulate that three days in the year they should enjoy an unrestrained licence to run through the city in their drunken broils, and to offend every ear with impure songs and jokes, a custom that still survived in the days of the historian.

Late Masquerade at Hamburgh.

DOMINOS and bat-dresses prevailed too much to afford variety of character: the family of the Bodies was very humourously represented by some English gentlemen, in the persons of Jem Allbody, Charley Nobody, Mr. Somebody, and little Busy-body, who attacked Every-body The night being excessively cold, it encreased the consumption of punch and wines to such a degree as to inspire a number of visitors with *spirituous* ideas: clamorous jokes ensued; and among the frail sisterhood some were transformed into perfect Bacchanalians. At this critical moment, a most whimsical mask entered, habited in a paper dress, garnished all over with real maccaroons: the poor fellow was received as a hare among a kennel of hounds, hunted the room over, and in less than five minutes all his sweetmeats, even to his paste cap, were devoured. Some wag announced that the maccaroons had been made with an admixture of jalap, which soon caused wry faces among the ladies, &c. who had so eagerly tasted them.

Ranelagh Masquerade.

AT the late Masquerade, it was not unaptly observed, "that a *tinker* tried hard to mend the morals of the people, but unfortunately failed at making one good job. A *schoolmaster*, placed under a large white wig, could not utter a part of speech. A *bullock-driver* was desirous of shewing some sport, but could not find out the horned cattle, as the citizens would not unmask.

There

There was no want of *devils*, but the devil a good one amongst them. The *flower* and *orange girls* might be accused of double dealing, as the article they offered for sale was not the one they meant to dispose of.—The refreshments were as good as the price would admit of.

A Sublime Entertainment.

DURING the last Carnival, the consort of the Archduke Palatine had invited the nobility of Osen to a ball. At the time appointed they made their appearance; but not any preparations seemed to have been made, and their expectations were raised to the highest pitch. Some time after the company had assembled, a young girl appeared with a basket, containing tickets for property pawned by a number of the poor inhabitants of Osen, which the Grand Duchess had taken up, and for which she had paid the sum of thirty thousand florins. The amiable Princess declared that it had been her wish to apply the sum intended for the festivity to a nobler purpose, and, convinced that the nobility of Osen entertained similar sentiments, she wished that they might share her pleasure.

Musical Tiger.

THE following may be deemed a sufficient proof, if any yet were wanting, of the deep hate and extreme loathing of Tippoo Saib towards the English nation:—

"A most curious piece of mechanism, as large as life, representing a royal tiger in the act of devouring a prostrate European officer, was found in a room of the Palace at Seringapatam, appropriated for the reception of musical instruments, and hence called the Ragmehal.

"There are some barrels in imitation of an organ within the body of the tyger, and a row of keys of natural notes. The sounds produced by the organ are intended to resemble the cries of a person in distress, intermixed with the horrid roar of the tiger. The machinery is so contrived, that while the organ is playing, the hand of the European is often lifted up to express the agony of his helpless and deplorable condition.

"The whole of this machine, which is of wood, was executed from a design, and under the immediate orders of Tippoo Sultaun, whose custom in the afternoon, it was, to amuse himself with a sight of this emblematical triumph of the *Khododad* over the English Circar. The *Khododad*, signifies, *The God-given Sircar*. The royal tiger, the immediate emblem of the Mysore Government, and the armorial bearing of his family; a more appropriate one cannot be found in all the archives of the Herald's Office.

"This machine has been sent from Madras to the Chairman of the East India Company, in one of the homeward ships, in order that it may be presented to his Majesty."

Among the tigers, three hundred in number, found in a large court-yard in Tippoo Saib's palace, one was particularly furious and ungovernable. This animal appears to have been a favourite of the Sultaun, who used to feed him with his own hand, and even admit him to those familiarities to which we accustom an English spaniel. In the same degree as he was docile to his master, he was unsociable and savage to strangers; and, notwithstanding a strong disposition to the contrary, it was necessary to shoot him—the fate of this whole menagerie, a few only excepted, which were reserved as curiosities by private gentlemen, or servants of the company.

THE

REVIEW *of the* ANATOMY *of the* HORSE.

(*Continued from our last.*)

WE shall now proceed to examine farther into the merits of this useful work. Our author in his preface observes, that such is the infantine state of this science, that whoever attempts to treat on its various branches, must unavoidably fall into numerous errors: this is certainly just; nor shall we anxiously seek out the defects of an undertaking so arduous, or that has for its end so excellent an object as the advancement of this noble art. On the other hand, we shall not pass over in silence such inaccuracies as appear glaring, or that may, in our judgment, be likely to mislead the reader; although, in so doing, we may probably appear to differ in opinion only, and a third judge starting up, will equally condemn both.

Much useful matter is offered on the subject of osteology generally, yet we must withhold our assent from some of the opinions of the ingenious author. The bones of old horses, we think, have not less marrow than those of young ones, as is asserted; nor is the purpose of this fluid the prevention of brittleness. It appears to us to be an adipous substance, placed there for the occasional wants of the constitution. We are surprised, in this part, not to have met with mention of a most important and applicable fact—that all the bones of the colt are not equally ossified at the same periods. Thus, at birth, the bones of the head have not compleated their firmness; whereas those of the pelvis, and hinder extremities, are perfectly formed, as far as regards the deposit of bony matter. Was this not the case, as the animal is to walk as soon as born, he would become ricketty, from the effects of pressure.

The omission of treating of each bone separately was, we suppose, occasioned by the curtailing of the subject. As these form the foundation of the whole, the public have by this means lost much valuable information.

After the osteology, the general formation and structure appears; to which succeed a description of the cavities of the chest and belly, with their contents. In treating of digestion, we are told that the sensation of hunger arises from the attrition of the stomach against its sides, and from the action of the gastric juice. If this is the fact, why does a draught of cold water not remove the disagreeable impression? or why do we, when we have what is termed overstayed our time, lose it? Does the attrition become less? The sensation of hunger, we conceive, arises from the stomach sympathising with the wants of the system.

In the description of the intestines we likewise meet with what we deem an error. It appears to us, that the horse has no *valvulæ conniventes* in this canal.

The rest of the *viscera* are accurately described, and the plates elegantly delineated; yet we regret to find only a mere anatomical account of the arteries, without any of the attendant matter relative to them; such as their various action in disease; in how much, and in what manner, they influence the pulse under morbid affections. Nor has our author informed us that the muscular coat of these vessels, being stronger than that of the human, is more disposing the horse to inflammatory diseases; and that, from this reason, hæmorrhages from a divided vessel are less dangerous in the one than the other.

Nor are we less surprised at not finding

finding the living principle of the blood treated of: we cannot suppose Mr. Blaine does not agree with this generally received principle, upon which our improved knowledge of many diseases, particularly fevers, is founded. We likewise are of opinion, that the mode in which heat is received in the lungs, and evolved by the arteries, might have been more enlarged upon: our author, perhaps, supposed that simple description was better suited to the present state of the science, and the character of the work; in which, though he might possibly be right, yet we wish that the outlines, at least, of these important facts had been presented, as a stimulus to farther investigation to the students in veterinary medicine. The loss occurred by this grand publication, we hope, will not prevent Mr. Blaine's resuming the pen, and giving these subjects all the attention they merit, and which he appears so well capable of performing.

We may sum up the total of our remarks, by observing that, whatever defects appear, it is probable whoever, in the present state of Farriery, had attempted the same, would not have succeeded better; and that it is not only a very beautiful, but a very useful production, and will shew a neighbouring nation, that they will no longer have to admire the breed of our horses, and to reprobate our medical care of them.

To the EDITOR *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,

HAVING lately met with the following story, that very much amused me, it immediately struck me, that it might amuse some of your readers as much as it had entertained me. Your insertion of this first part will, I am sure, occasion many a smile; and I'll venture to promise a second exertion of the risible powers of your readers, in the remainder. For myself, I can assure you that, so long as I can laugh, I shall always be, Sir,

Your humble servant,

B.

The THREE THIEVES; *or,* HAMET *and* BERNARD.

MOST noble cavaliers, my tale neither offers to your view the gallant deeds of chivalry, nor the subtle schemes of a wife to hide her secret intrigues from her husband, but humbly recounts the dextrous exploits of three thieves, in the vicinity of L'An, whose joint talents had for some time put both laity and clergy under contribution. Two of them were brothers, called Hamet and Bernard. Their father, who had followed the same profession, ended his days on the gallows, the common fate of talents so employed. The other's name was Travers. One thing was, they never committed murder, but were satisfied in picking pockets; and their address in this way was almost incredible.

One day, when they were all three walking in a wood near L'An, the conversation fell on their own exploits; and Hamet, the elder of the two brothers, spying a magpie's nest, with the bird in it, at the top of a large oak, said to Bernard, "Brother, if any body was to propose to you to take the eggs from under that bird, without disturbing her, what would you say?"—"I should say," replied the young one, "he was mad, and required an impossibility."—"I would have you to know, friend," rejoined Hamet, "one not able to do that must be an

an aukward hand at picking a pocket. Look at me!"—So saying, he immediately climbed the tree, got to the nest, and, opening it gently at the bottom, caught the eggs one by one, as they slided out, and brought them down, boasting that not one was broken. "Faith, it must be owned that you are an incomparable fellow," cried Bernard: "and now, if you can put the eggs under the bird again, as you took them out, you may fairly call yourself our superior."

Hamet accepted the challenge, and mounted again. But this was only a trick of Bernard's; for when he saw him at a certain height, he said to Travers, "Now you have seen what my brother can do, you shall have a touch of my art!" and instantly mounted after Hamet, followed him from branch to branch, and, while the other glided along like a serpent, with his eyes intently fixed on the nest, watching the slightest motion of the bird, that he might not frighten her, the adroit rogue untied his drawers, and returned with them in his hand, as a trophy of his victory. In the mean while, Hamet, having replaced the eggs, came down, expecting the praises due to such an exploit.—"That's a good one," says Bernard, laughing, "to attempt to impose on us! I'll lay a wager he has hid them in his drawers!"—The eldest, looking down, found they were gone, and immediately knew it was a trick of his brother's. "He is a clever thief, indeed," said he, "who can rob another!"

As for Travers, he so equally admired the two heroes, that he was doubtful which merited the palm. But so much address humbled him; and, mortified to think he was not qualified to enter the lists with them, he said, "Gentlemen, you know too much for me; for you would escape twenty times, where I should always be taken. I see I am too aukward ever to succeed in this occupation, therefore I will renounce it, and take to my own again, live with my wife, and work hard; and I hope, by the blessing of God, we shall not want!"

He really returned to the village as he said. His wife was very fond of him: he became an honest man, and worked so hard, that, in a few months, he was able to buy a pig, and fatten it at home. At Christmas he killed it, and, as is usual, hung it up by the feet against the wall, and went to his work in the fields. It had been lucky for him if he had sold it, and saved all the trouble and anxiety it gave him, as you will see.

Just after he was gone out, the two brothers, who had not seen him since the day that they parted, came to pay him a visit. His wife was alone, busily employed in spinning. She told them, her husband was out, and would not return till the evening. You may very well suppose that the pig did not escape their notice; and, when they left the house, they said to each other, "So, so: this rogue has a mind to regale himself, and not invite us. As that is the case, we must carry off the pig, and eat it without him!"—They then laid their plan, and went and hid themselves in a neighbouring hedge till night.

When Travers returned, in the evening, his wife told him of her strange visitors. "They were such ill-looking fellows," said she, "that I was frightened, being alone, and durst not ask either their names or business. They pry'd about every where; and I don't believe a single nail escaped them!"

"Alas! these are my two rogues,"

 cried

cried Travers, dolefully. "The pig is gone, that's certain!—Oh! that I had but sold it!"

"There is still one way to save it," said the wife. "Let us take it down from the hook, and hide it somewhere for the night. To-morrow, as soon as it is light, we will consider what farther to do with it."

Travers followed his wife's advice, took down the pig, laid it on the floor at the other end of the room, and put the kneading-trough over it. He then went to bed; but not without anxiety.

At midnight the brothers came to put their scheme in execution. The elder kept watch, while Bernard bored a hole in the wall, opposite the place where piggy had hung; but he soon found out there was nothing left but the string. "The bird is flown!" said he. "We are come too late."

Travers, whom the fear of being robbed kept in continual alarm, and hindered from sleeping, thinking he heard a noise, awakened his wife, and ran to the trough, to see if the pig was there. It was; but having, also, fears about his barn and stable, he was willing to go all round, and set off, armed with a hatchet.

Bernard, who heard him go out, took advantage of it directly, in picking the lock of the door; and going softly up to the bed, said to the wife, counterfeiting the voice of the husband, "Mary, the pig is not on the wall! What have you done with it?"

"What! have you forgot," replied the woman, "that we hid it under the kneading-trough? Has fear turned your brain?"—"No, no," said he, "but I had forgot it. Do you lie still! I'll go and take care of it!" Saying this, he took the pig on his shoulders, and carried it off. (*To be continued.*)

A Philosophical *and* Practical Treatise *on* Horses, *and on the* Moral Duties *of* Man *towards the* Brute Creation.

BY JOHN LAWRENCE.

[Continued from page 213, of last vol.]

On Draft Cattle, and their Use and Management, both in Town and Country.

Of Cart-Horses—the author's remarks are so sensible and judicious on this head, that we take particular pleasure in furnishing the following extract—

"Cart-Horses are well known to be of the largest and coarsest description; their Belgic origin has been already noted. As it is the general opinion, that the saddle-horse ought to be sharp and frigate-built, so they hold that the cart-horse should be round, and (to borrow a lift from my beloved Smollet) as bluff in the bows, as a Dutch fly-boat. Rotundity, or the form of carrying their substance in a horizontal position, seems to be the grand characteristic of English draft-horses. They say, this make of the shoulder, is the best adapted to drawing along, or moving weights; farther, that it is not so liable to chafe with the collar, as the flat and deep form. Both Bracken and Osmer seems disposed, in part, to controvert these positions, probably from their prejudice in favour of bred cattle. That large bred horses would draw there is no doubt; and it is true, that the superior strength and elasticity of their tendons would enable them to make great exertions; but the article of gross weight has a considerable degree of consequence in this business, and experience seems to be decidedly in favour of nearly the present form and species of cart-horse.

"A very

"A very erroneous idea has prevailed, concerning cart-horses, that provided they are big, heavy, and clumsy enough, all farther considerations are needless; on the contrary, it is both theoretically and practically true, that great abilities for draft must depend materially upon just proportion; and that four thorough-shaped horses, will draw with facility, a weight which would puzzle five ordinary ones, although of equal, or even superior size: a truth which they ought to reflect upon, who have a considerable number of those animals to maintain.

"A capital cart-horse is not more than sixteen hands high, with a brisk, sparkling eye, a light well-shaped head, and short pricked ears, full chest and shoulder, but somewhat forelow; that is to say, having his rump higher than his forehand; sufficient general length, but by no means leggy; large and swelling fillets, and flat bones; he stands wide all fours, but widest behind; bends his knee well, and has a brisk and cocking walk.

"Many of the knights of the smock-frock and the whalebone, would shake their heads at my commending length in a cart-horse; nevertheless nothing is more true, than that in the account of just proportion, length will not be forgot; and that not only length, but a certain degree of room and freedom of shape is absolutely necessary to enable the horse to make those active springs, which contribute more than mere bulk, to the translation of a mass of weight. Your short-legged, cloddy horses, as they are styled, are generally too sluggish and slow, subject to grease, and those disorders arising from a thick and sizy blood; but such are far preferable to the loose, leggy, and weak-loined; the worst possible shapes of draft-horses.

"The breeds of cart-horses, most in fashion upon our island, at present, are the heavy blacks of the midland counties, the Suffolk punches, and those of Clydesdale in North Britain.

"The first are those capital sized, and high-priced horses, made use of by the brewery and distillery in London, and by the farmers of Berkshire and Hampshire, and a few other parts, where their teams form a considerable article of ostentation and parade.

"The Suffolk punches, which also extend to Norfolk, are low horses, rather coarse-headed, with indifferent ears, in general chestnut (provincially sorrel) forelow, with deep and large carcases, and nimble walkers and trotters. They have ever proved themselves the truest and best drawers in the world, as well as the hardiest and most useful cart and plough-horses. Their nimbleness, it should seem, is owing to their length and moderate size; and their immense powers in lifting weights to the same cause, combined with the low position of the shoulder, which occasions the weight to be acted upon, in a just and horizontal direction. Their superiority over all other horses, at drawing dead pulls, is no doubt, in some measure, owing to early training, as in no country is so much pride taken, in teaching horses to draw; and it is well known, that a team of Suffolk horses, the signal being given, will all down upon their knees, and leave nothing behind them, that is within the power of flesh and blood to draw away. As to draft-cattle, in my opinion, nothing need be done, but give those of Suffolk a fine head and ear, and flat legs; and we are then at the top of it.

"But there is another breed of horses, in Suffolk and Norfolk, (how they came there is somewhat difficult to ascertain) well fitted both

for

for the saddle and draft. I have seen a cart horse of this description, which, bating a little coarseness of the head, was perhaps as fit to get hacks and hunters, from proper mares, as the best bred horse alive. I have also heard of a Norfolk farmer, who, about forty years ago, had a peculiar sort, which he styled his Brazil breed. This blade of a farmer would, it seems, unharness one of his plough-horses, ride him to a neighbouring fair, and after winning with him a leather plate, ride him home again, in triumph, to his wife.

"The late Mr. Bakewell, or Dishley, so justly celebrated for his hospitality, and the general humanity of his character, rendered the most eminent services to his country, by his improvements in live stock. If he failed in any thing, I should conceive it was in his judgment of horses. I have indeed heard the same of him respecting pig-stock, from the most experienced man in England. Mr. Bakewell's chief attention, I suppose, was bestowed upon sheep and horned catte. The black horse he shewed at Tattersall's, some years since, for the purpose of getting saddle-horses, I have heard did not meet the approbation of intelligent breeders, nor did he appear to me, at all calculated to suit the common run of mares.

"Of the Clydesdale horses, as I know nothing, please to take Mr. Culley's description, 'probably as good and useful a draught-horse as any we are possessed of; larger than the Suffolk punches, being from fifteen to sixteen and half hands high, strong, hardy, and remarkable true pullers, a restive horse being rarely found amongst them. In shape, in general, plain made about the head, sides, and hind legs; mostly grey or brown; said to have been produced from common Scotch mares and Flanders horses, a hundred years ago.'

"But the size, rather than the sort, of our cart-horses, has become the chief object of consideration, since it has been the custom to breed them up to a ton weight, and seventeen and even eighteen hands high. Prudence and economy, especially during these times of scarcity and general distress of the poorer classes, have incessantly inculcated the question—why breed your horses to such an enormous bulk, since it is not *yet* your intention to eat them?—Answer, *it is the custom.* A most satisfactory answer, no doubt, were it only because there is such a number of questions, of at least as much importance, which, if at all, must be answered precisely in the same way. But there are honest and discerning men, who have a just contempt for all precedents which are unfounded in truth and reason, and which militate against the general good; and these will naturally desire to trace causes, and examine foundations.

"These over-sized horses are neither able to do, nor do they work more than those of moderate size and true proportion; for, in growing them up to this vast bulk, you gain only in beef, and *weight to be carried*, but nothing in the size and substance of the sinews and muscles, the cords, levers, and pullies, which are destined to move their own as well as any extraneous mass. By this reasoning, it should seem, that the out-sized are unable to perform even so much work as the middling; and another argument against them, equally just, is, that they must, in general, consume a proportional larger quantity of every necessary. For whose benefit then, is this *Howden Mack*, of English elephants, bred? It is not for the breeders, for they may

have

have just as large a price for less stock, which would, moreover, cost them less in keep. I can only say farther, that I submit it to the good sense of the breeders of the midland counties, whether it would not be adviseable for them to think of changing their stock; and I beg leave to refer them to what I have already said of the horses of Suffolk and Norfolk.

"I must also beg leave to refer all breeders to Mr. Culley's book, before mentioned, where they will find it recommended to mix even a little racing blood, with the cart-stock; and where they may read of the wonderful exertions, in carting business, upon the road, of the Clevland Bays, a sort of coach-horses. Although bred horses are, of all others, the most sluggish, yet it is well known, that a mixture of their blood gives spirit and activity to other races. Still, I think, this doctrine, as it regards cart-horses, must be received with some caution. Although these half-bred cart-horses may perform well in light work, and upon hard roads, they may not be so well calculated for stiff clays, and heavy sands. For my own part, I cannot boast of my good fortune with this sort, of which I have tried perhaps a dozen, at different periods; not one of which, to use my offended carter's phrase, was able, when we came to whips, 'to pull a plumb-pudding off a grid-iron.'

"There is also a very material idea, with which I wish earnestly to impress the minds of all breeders of draft cattle; it is, that in breaking the colt, they always teach him to back readily, and to go quietly in the shafts. Every man who has had much to do with cart-horses, well knows the abuse, and the miseries they suffer, when they have not been taught to back; and also the trouble and fuss there is in a press of business, because, truly Ball is too modest to go before, and Whitefoot, peradventure, to ambitious to go behind; whereas, they should all be so far accustomed, as, at least, to make a decent shift in any place.

"Another observation I address to the sons of humanity. There are horses, whether from some latent and internal weakness, or, whatever occult cause, which never can be forced by the utmost severity, to strain at dead pulls, and yet in all ordinary business, and where the weight follows freely, and is in obvious proportion to their powers, they may be as good, and as serviceable horses, as any in the world. The best horse I ever had in my life was of this kind. He laboured ten years for me, and five out of the ten, I should think, as hard as any horse alive. He has many times, as filler in a cart, gone down some steep ways with sixty-three hundred weight behind him, which shewed we placed some dependance upon his goodness, and he was always perfectly kind and willing. But if hooked to a fixed body, which he could not move, the instant he perceived the state of the case, he ceased all farther effort, and would not pull an ounce; but answered the whip, by shaking his neck and head, and looking back to the object; or, as I have sometimes thought, pointing towards his own loins. There is an analogy between this case, and that of race-horses, which will not, or rather cannot, run to the whip; and it is equally against common sense, as common humanity, to whip and abuse them; yet I have heard of fixing a chain to the neck of a cart-horse, going up hill, and other barbarous follies.

"In treating of draft-cattle, for the use of the metropolis in particular, having already treated to the extent

extent of my knowledge, on the general principle, I have only a few practical remarks to make. I think it would be much to the advantage of the proprietors of drays and town-carts, to make use of a lighter, and more active description of horses. Such would not only perform the same quantity of work as the heavy horses, in less time, but would not be so liable to beat and founder their feet; would last longer, and consume less. Is a proof of this demanded? Let the enquirer satisfy himself of the labour performed by the Suffolk and Norfolk cart-horses, which he may very easily do. Let him turn to Mr. Culley's account of the Cleveland Bays. Let him look into the Annals of Agriculture, where he will find, among many other observations highly deserving his attention, the account of Mr. Collett's five horses, which drew thirty sacks of barley, over the sandy road, from Walton to Ipswich; and Mr. Constable's cart, of East Berghott, which, with only one horse, carries ten sacks of flour, twenty stone seven pounds each sack, five or six miles, over a road where are no turnpikes. But there are many proprietors in town, of the same opinion with myself, on this head; and one gentleman in particular, of the highest respectability in the distillery, told a friend of mine, that, his own horses being all engaged, on a certain occasion, he was under the necessity of employing the light team of a farmer, which, to his surprize then, went through the day's labour with more ease and dispatch, than was usual with his own. I shall conclude my argument, *a l'Anglaise*, that is, by proposing a wager. It has been hinted to me, that if the gentlemen of London and Berkshire, will produce thirty of their largest and best black horses, they shall be met by the same number from Suffolk and Norfolk, under sixteen hands high, to draw in any manner, either dead pulls, weight, or distance, for a thousand. The gentlemen of London would, doubtless, like to be let into a good thing; but in such a match, I conceive, they would literally be 'let in with a jog.'

(To be continued.)

To the Editor *of the* Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

PERMIT a constant reader to offer her opinion, in opposition to that of Miss Lucretia Lofty's, who abuses the low-carriages now in fashion, as low and cumbersome, and as bringing the ladies on the same level with the men. I presume, Mr. Editor, Miss Lucretia prides herself on having a handsome leg and neat ancle, which I allow high carriages give a very fine opportunity of displaying, in getting in and out. Whereas my principal personal beauty lays in my face; which, as I take every opportunity of shewing, I think the low carriages are most convenient for that purpose: on which account, dear Mr. Editor, I hope you will use your interest to keep them in fashion, which will greatly oblige

Betsy Bright-eye.

Ludicrous Account *of a* Bullock-Hunter.

A Circumstance of rather a ludicrous nature (although it had nearly proved fatal to the party) I was an eye-witness to, not long since.

A gentleman, well tutored for a sporting life, having a great propensity to the above *sport*, was pursuing an over-drove ox down Fleet-Street, and having got the start of the

the beast, on one side of Fleet-Market, the poor animal made a straight-forward push for him. My gentleman (whether off his guard, or having an inclination to shew himself a *knowing* sportsman, I know not) was obliged, in his turn, to submit to be hunted; and not being so swift-footed as his pursuer, was caught by the waist-band of his breeches, and tossed over the terrified animal, with the loss of only a little blood from his *proboscis*. Happily for him, it was no worse!—The most lamentable part of the story was, his condition being altered from a *powdered beau* to that of a complete *mud-lark*.

To give you a proper description of the *Taylor done over* (for that was his profession) it is impossible. His dress consisted of a handsome blue coat, white waistcoat, and sattin breeches: his hair as neat and as white as a *frizeur* could make it.—A rainy day, and mud plentiful!

I never shall forget his appearance when he rose: frightened with the accident – his face covered with blood and mud — his look resembling that of Commodore Trunnion when his horse ran away with him—his fine formal frill rendered *lithesome* by the moisture from the ground — his waistcoat, besmeared with mud, *dying* with the blood of a sportsman—and, as though Fortune was determined to have the sport compleat, his exhibition behind was no less ludicrous; for, where the beast had fixed his horns, there he contrived to make a great opening, exposing to view, to the no small discomfiture of the sporting Knight of the Thimble, the bare *p——r—r* of a Bullock-hunter.--Luckily a neighbour took him in, and released him from his dilemma.

Happy should I be, Sir, for the good of the community at large, if the law against this diversion was put in force; but I fear, those whose duty it is to prevent it are often bribed to permit it: and thus it is, that the lives of many people are endangered, by the sensual gratification of a few lazy scoundrels, whose services might be rendered useful to the country at large.

SAM. NIJUT WILLIS.

MATRIMONIAL SPORTING, AT THE LATE CHELMSFORD ASSIZES.

MARTHA HARRIS *versus* JOHN SURRY.

THIS was an action to recover damages for *a breach of promise of marriage*.

Mr. Fielding, on the part of the plaintiff, stated that the defendant (Mr. Surry) had promised this lady marriage; and contended, that he was entitled to recover, unless it should appear the fault arose on the woman's side; and that, where a man raises a hope or expectation of marriage, he is bound in honour, as well as in law, to fulfil it. The plaintiff was a widow, and during her husband's life, and since his decease, she was enabled to support herself, by keeping a school; but, at the solicitation of Mr. Surry, had given up the school, and all other business. This action was brought to recover a compensation for the real injury she had sustained.—Mr. Fielding observed, that if there was such a thing as a heaven on earth, it must be a married state; and he, for his part, wished "the single married, and the married happy." He promised a considerable degree of entertainment from his learned friend Mr. Garrow (counsel for the defendant). He stated, that the plaintiff had become an object worthy the protection of the jury; that she had lost all means of comfort in life, and all prospect of any other marriage; that all she could

could receive, for the injury she had sustained, must be through their interference. "Take her into your protection! Do by her as you think she deserves!" was his language to the jury. He said, he was sure their verdict would not only prove satisfactory to *him*, but meet with the approbation of the learned judge, and of the whole court.

Hannah Bush was examined on the part of the plaintiff, by Mr. Lawes, and clearly proved the promise to marry her. Then the following letter to Mrs. Harris was read by the judge's associate—

"Mrs. Martha Harris—You say I have used you ill but I do not think I have at all for I told you not to count too much lest something should happen to disappoint, tho' I did not mean to deceive you, but what I have heard and found out I am happy I have time to repent before it is too late, for I did not count at all of marrying till after harvest. You say the day was mine but respecting that I said if before harvest, it must be very soon or it would be in harvest and you said fix any time soon and I will make it soon but you said you should like to marry on a Friday, for you thought that a good day for on a Friday your husband died and on a Friday I first came to see you and Friday was market day. Make it suit you and I will make it suit me. My friends were much concerned and said you hurried on so quick you must be an artful woman and was for getting the marriage past. Respecting what I hear from strangers they wish me to consider what I am about for you are a great spirit and your daughter is ungovernable and that if I get married tis likely there will be debts brought in therefore I think myself happy that I was warned before it was too late and I think myself justified in breaking it of and I wish you not to trouble me with any more letters for I am determined to carry it on no longer.

"JOHN SURRY."

Mr. Garrow addressed the jury on the part of the defendant, and observed, that his learned friend (Mr. Fielding) had bespoke a great deal of entertainment from him; and that, if any body had stepped into court, they would have thought they were at Bartholomew Fair. 'Tis one of the advantages of trials in this country, that our courts of justice are open to all persons, and very useful lessons might be learned by both sexes. That it was not very easy for him to state the case, with all the nauseous, disgusting circumstances, without offending chaste ears, which for no client would he ever do. He was ready to admit, that if any man were to be found base enough to endeavour, by an artful, insidious courtship, to ingratiate himself in the heart of a woman, without having at the time an intention to perform his promise, or without some adequate cause for not performing it: if any man can, after such conduct, abandon and forsake her, he had no hesitation of applying to him the strongest word the English language would afford, *viz.* that he was a *villain.*—He did not know whether the lady were in court, or not; for they had been obliged to send the trumpets and the javelin-men for her counsel, and he supposed they were all in consultation how they should state this case; and, at the manner they had done it, there was not a person, he was sure, who heard it, that was not disgusted with it.

"Indeed," said Mr. Garrow, "this farmer (Mr. Surry) has had a *lucky escape!*"— He perfectly agreed with his learned friend on the subject of matrimony, and said, that none of the energies, which constitute

constitute the comforts of life, are like the comforts and satisfaction of a *married life*. But such a married life as Mr. Surry was to have had, was there one of the gentlemen of the jury, who had sons, who would wish their sons so to marry, or to have such a wife as Mrs. Harris?—She had a husband that took a great deal of killing, after having been *seven long years* praying for his death. On the third day after he died, this poor man was put under ground; and then he said, "We are talking of a woman whose *feelings have been distressed!*"

His learned friend intended to prove, that this lady had watched over the body of her husband, and was inconsolable for his loss, and, like a faithful dog at the grave of his master, could not be torn from it. But, unluckily, she soon made love to his client. The first visit Mr. Surry paid her, she said,—"Well, Mr. Surry, it is a slanderous world we live in!—Mr. Surry, you were a good friend to my poor husband! It is a wicked world we live in, Mr. Surry! You was a good friend to my dear, dear husband, that is just gone! In this world, a man cannot do a good-natured action, but all the world must know it! Would you believe it, Mr. Surry, that *all the world say you are going to keep me company?*"—Pretty wooing this! . . . . —The poor farmer said, "Don't break thy heart! Dry up thy tears! There may come better days! And if thou should'st come and keep my house, there are those that do worse!"—She got to the farmer's house at last, and took the man when he was more than half mellow; and then the brother-in-law was to go to Dr. Parker's for a licence.

As soon as this man got home, his friends said to him, "Oh! John, John, what have you been doing? What are you about, John? You are a hasty man! Do you think you can stand a seven years siege, as old Harris did? Oh! John, John, take care what you do!"

Mr. Garrow observed, that the lady wrote a fine hand, was a woman of education, and kept a school. That he dared to say this lady had no such *fine feelings* as his learned friend would wish to insinuate; and that the parchment was scribbled over, about *the loss of her school*.—She had followed her dead husband to the grave.—Not worn out.—Cannot marry, but on a market day.—"*Any day that will suit you, will suit me!*"—I think the gentleman, who looks after her interest, should advise her the loss of a little blood: I think it would do her no harm!—Tender soul! Tender turtle dove!—Been a widow a *whole fortnight*; and been praying *seven years*, and hoping that somebody would make her an offer in a *fortnight after* her husband's death!—What a loss my friend has had! Too much for flesh and blood to encounter with!——Farmer Surry says, "They talk to me about you! They say, you must be a very artful woman, to be so much in a hurry. If you mean to marry me for affection, you have not consulted your own heart. It is too soon!"

In a *fortnight* (added Mr. G.) this woman has consulted *her own heart!*—When the man is about to marry, he desires that he might have a little more time: and I think you will agree with me, that those who told her she was too much in a hurry, advised her well.—"Pray let me plead with you!—I thought you such a firm man, that you would not go back from your word! Your own mouth told me, you had given it a *thought!*"—And about six or seven days after old Harris was under the sod, she began to talk about it. "Come in the

the morning," says she, "before any body is stirring, if it is only to speak to the poor mourning soul!" —What was this poor mourning soul mourning about? Because she could not get another husband in a fortnight!—"Put it home!" said she, "I have more occasion to cry out than you think for!—Your time shall be mine!—Pray, my dear Mr. Surry, don't send me such short notes as you gave me! I never was so hurt before!"—What was she hurt about? She had never seen the man but once, when he came to pay the butcher's bill.—She invents a story, which she represents as the story of the neighbourhood. What does the lady complain of here?—She wanted him often to talk about this marriage. "You never come in! You send me such short notes! You don't come in the morning before any body is stirring! and I never was so much hurt in all my life! When I think of thee, my heart is rent in twain! Oh! that I had wings like a dove, that I could fly to some distant place! If it had been God's will, I had rather went into the grave with my poor dear husband, than be thus oppressed!" —Gentlemen, is not this most famous language for a woman, whose husband had been dead but a fortnight? "But," says Farmer Surry, "I am afraid, if I marry you, debts will come in! You are in too great a hurry! You press me to marry you! I talk of waiting till after harvest!"—But can I forget the abominable indecency of this woman, about *Friday?* I know there is a deal of superstition about Friday. But, is it not indecent to fix that day for the marriage? "Of all days, I shall like that day best! It was a long day for me: a seven years breaking my poor husband's heart! He died on a *Friday!* Marry me on a *Friday!* I shall have the luck to kill you, seven years hence, on a *Friday!*"

Mr. Garrow was here interrupted by the judge, who told the jury, that it appeared clearly in evidence that the defendant had promised her marriage; and that they were to judge whether any thing could be reasonably offered in mitigation of damages. The reasons were principally to be discovered in his letter. That it appeared, in evidence, the defendant had visited her a number of years, previous to her husband's death; and that, therefore, he must be perfectly acquainted with the temper and disposition of the plaintiff, as well as her daughter, who was only thirteen.

Verdict for plaintiff, damages 20l.

To the EDITORS *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

AGREEABLE to the promise made in our last communication, we now send you the result of the Races at the Second Meeting of the Season 1798-99.

FRIDAY, 15*th February*, 1799.

The Gentlemens Subscription Purse of 150 rupees each, open for eight subscribers [only seven subscribed], for all ages and descriptions, weight for age, the best of three mile-and-half heats, was run for by

Mr. Harding's ba. A. horse Silver-heels, 14 hands 3 inches: 10st. 4lb. - - 2 1 1
Maj. Hawkes's gr. A. horse King David, 14 hands 1 inch and a half: 10st. 4lb. 1 2 2
Mr. Smith's gr. A. mare Matchless, 15 hands: 10st. 1lb. - - - - dist.

A very fine race between the horses. At starting, the mare the favourite:

favourite: high odds against Silver-heels. The first heat very close running, and won by David by not more than a length. Even betting for the second heat, which was run at score, and a very close contest all round. Five to two against King David for the third heat, the first mile of which was hard and close run, by Silver-heels winning. The knowing ones were completely taken in.

In running the first heat, the mare ran against King David, drove him against a bank, and very near threw him down. The second heat was run in two minutes and thirty-five seconds: the course is a mile and a half and two hundred and thirty yards.

SAME DAY.

The Poney Purse of 300 rupees, catch weights, was run for by

Major Hawkes's ch. A. poney Fizgig	1
Mr. Morse's br. poney Snap	dist.
Mr. Smith's gr. A. poney Harlequin	dr.

Even bets at starting. The brown poney, though an inch higher than Fizgig, was doubly distanced.

MONDAY, 18*th February*, 1799.

A purse of 300 rupees, for the Beaten Horses of the Season, weight for age, the best of three mile-and-half heats, was run for by

Mr. Grant's gr. A. horse Highlander, aged	1	1
Mr. Harding's ch. A. colt Favourite, three years old	2	2

Even betting at starting. Both heats were very close run all round; the first won by not more than two lengths.

A Ball in the evening, which was respectably and numerously attended, finished the season, when the sprightly dance was kept up till morning's dawn.

We are, gentlemen,
Your obedient, &c.
THE MEMBERS OF THE
BOMBAY TURF CLUB.

Bombay, 28*th March*, 1799.

SPORTING ADVERTISEMENT.

IT having been represented to some of the gentlemen of the Turf Club, that the short period between the notification of the last races and the commencement of the first meeting, did not afford sufficient opportunity for several gentlemen of the society, who were so inclined, to provide horses to run for the different stakes; in order to remedy the inconvenience complained of, and to give every member of the community a fair chance of providing a horse or horses to run at the next season's races. The gentlemen of the Turf Club beg leave to publish the following arrangements determined on at their last meeting of the present season.

The stakes to be run for, and the time of running to be at two meetings.

FIRST MEETING.

First Monday in December, 1799.

A Purse of 400 rupees or 50l. for two, three, and four years old colts or fillies, never having won a regular plate or purse, weight for age, the best of three, mile-and-half heats.

Wednesday following.

A Purse of 800 rupees or 100l. for horses of all ages, weight for age, the best of three two-mile heats. The winner of a purse or gentlemens subscription sweepstakes, if a colt, to carry 3lb. extra, if

if a five, six year old, or aged horse, 7lb. extra.

Friday following.

A Purse of 800 rupees or 100l. for aged horses only, weight for inches, the best of three two-mile heats; the winner of the purse on Wednesday not to enter; the winner of any purse or sweepstakes to carry 7lb. extra.

Same day the Galloway sweepstakes open for ten subscribers, 100 rupees each (not to exceed 14 hands) weight for inches, one two-mile heat, P.P.

A ball in the evening concludes the First Meeting.

SECOND MEETING.

The Second Monday in January, 1800.

A Ladies Subscription Purse (or collection box) for horses of all descriptions never having won a regular plate, purse, or gentlemens subscription sweepstakes, catch weight, the best of three mile-and-half heats.

Wednesday following.

The Gentlemens Subscription Sweepstakes value 1800 rupees (if full) open for twelve subscribers 150 rupees each for horses of all descriptions, weight for age, the best of three two-mile heats, P. P.

Friday following.

A Purse of 300 rupees, with a stake of three gold mohurs each for the beaten horses of the season, not having been distanced, weight for age, the best of three mile-and-half heats.

Same day a Sweepstakes of five gold mohurs each, with 300 rupees from the subscription fund, to be run for by horses of all descriptions, weight for age, one three-mile heat; horses never having won allowed 3lb.

A ball in the evening finishes the season 1799—1800.

N. B. Ten per cent. to be deducted from each plate, purse or sweepstakes, to go to the general fund, for keeping the course in order, &c. the weights will be regulated at the first meeting of the club in September.

Bombay, 1st *April*, 1799.

New Mode of managing Dovecots.

NATURAL MAGIC,

From Mr. Parkinson's Experienced Farmer.

DOVECOTS ought to be built so spacious, that the pigeons may with ease and comfort to themselves fly about within them; and that, if any thing alarm them from without, they may readily escape. If a dovecot be high, and narrow within, pigeons will dislike going to the bottom. I have known, when young pigeons have tumbled out of the nest, that the old ones have suffered them to starve, rather than go to the bottom to feed them. I had a summer-house in my garden, which I converted into a dovecot. For sake of ornament, I raised my new building a considerable height; but the inside was narrow, like a well. The young pigeons frequently fell on the floor, some of which were found dead with empty craws, others picked up alive, but half ſtarved. No pigeons ever laid their eggs in the bottom holes, nor would even the young roost in them. We had a great number in the winter, because we fed them well; but many flew away in the summer. I put in a floor about half way down, and they prospered much better. A man, who besides exercising other trades, went about the country to kill rats, and had been employed in that capacity

pacity by an uncle of mine, was engaged by a neighbouring gentleman to repair some nests in his dovecot; the largest and best I ever saw. Having a strong inclination to build a cot, and raise a stock of pigeons, and hearing of this famous dovecot, I went with the ratcatcher to view it. The nests were all made of small wickers, like basket-work. Though this was quite a new method to me, I could very easily conceive it was the best I had seen; the pigeon in a wild state makes her nest so; and he will not err much who observes and takes nature for his guide. However, as this method was expensive, I varied from the plan, and made mine of clay and laths. I did not inclose it in front, because I then thought (what I am now convinced is true) that pigeons like to be more at liberty than the common form of dovecots allow. The one I examined was in the middle of a town, and in the centre of a most populous street. I was amazed the number of people almost continually near the place did not disturb the pigeons so much as to make them forsake their habitation, especially as a blacksmith's shop was situated close to it; but my guide, the rat-catcher, told me that pigeons delighted in noise and company, and that, if they left the cot, he knew how to fetch them back again. I thought he dealt a little too much in the wonderful. He advised me not to stock the dovecot until the latter end of the year with the harvest flight; as pigeons bred at that time are the stoutest for the winter. I followed his advice, and in the proper season colonised it with four dozen of pigeons, and kept them inclosed for some time; but when they were let out, they all flew away in a few days. One or two would sometimes come about the cot, but I despaired of ever making them fond enough of their habitation to breed in it. Recollecting however the assertion of the pigeon-conjuror, I sent for him, and he paid me a visit the next day. He began by filling a pot with water, and immediately threw some ingredients which he took from his pocket into the water; set the whole on the fire to boil, and kept stirring the ingredients about until they were entirely dissolved. He went with this mixture into the dovecot, and took great pains to lay it on with a painter's brush both in and outside the holes. He then got a ladder, and in the same manner washed over the loover, or aperture, where the pigeons enter, with the same mixture.

In spite of the assurances given me by the operator, that my pigeons would return, and perhaps with additional company, I did not place implicit faith in his predictions, and could not avoid expressing some doubts of the attracting power of his nostrum. But he consented to stop until the next day, when the pigeons were to make their appearance; upon the terms—"No pigeons, no pay."—About eleven o'clock a single pigeon came, and about three the same day, all my emigrants returned. My stock soon grew numerous, and they never after forsook the cot. A most extraordinary good one it soon proved, with the assistance of a colony of strangers, who had been enticed to take up their residence by the fascinating accommodation provided by my rat-catcher. I could not prevail upon the man to disclose his secret, or I would here give the recipe for the public good; but the principal ingredients were undoubtedly salt and asa-fœtida. However, as he had convinced me of his skill in pigeons, I listened carefully to his instructions concerning the

management

management of them. He advised me never to go into a dovecot later than mid-day, but as early in a morning as convenient. Whatever repairs are necessary, either to the building or to the nests, should be done before noon; for, if you disturb the pigeons in the afternoon, they will not rest contentedly the whole night; and the greatest part perhaps will not enter the cot until the next day, but will sit moping on the ground; and if in breeding-time, either a number of eggs may be spoiled, or several young ones starved to death. He likewise cautioned me against letting the first flight fly to increase my stock, but to take every one of them; as these will come in what is called *benting-time*, that is, between seed-time and harvest. It is then that pigeons are the scarcest; and many of the young would pine to death through weakness during that season. It is necessary to give food to pigeons during the benting-season only; but it should be done by three or four o'clock in the morning; for they rise early. If you serve them much later, they will keep hovering about home, and be prevented taking their necessary exercise. If you feed them the year round, they will not breed near so well as if forced to seek their own food; for they pick up in the fields what is pleasant and healthy to them, and from the beginning of harvest to the end of seed-time they find plenty.

Ancient Combats in Tothill-Fields, Westminster.

MR. Strutt, in his "complete View of the Manners, Customs, Arms, Habits, &c. of the Inhabitants of England, from the Arrival of the Saxons to the present Time; with a short account of the Britons, during the Government of the Romans," remarks, that in the superstitious days of our forefathers, when writs of right were determined by combat, the ecclesiastics, and others who were too bashful to look justice in the face, were permitted to substitute champions for that dangerous ceremony: the law-lords had little more to do than to adjust the punctilios, and fix the day for the combat. Before they encountered, it was the business of the chief justice to measure the staves of the combatants, and to search if they had any *rhyme*, *charm* or *herb*, about them: if any was found, the court forthwith dismissed the champions for that day; but if on the contrary nothing unlawful appeared, they proceeded to Tothil-fields, the place appointed for those judicial combats; and we find but one instance where the devil was consulted on those perilous emergencies. 'In the 29th of Edward the Third, the champion of the Bishop of Salisbury (in a writ of right for the castle of Thorborne.) was found to have rolls of *orizons* and *invocations* wrapped about him.' Which plainly demonstrate that the Bishop had more confidence in the sorcery of his old friend, than in any other interest whatever.

Naturalizing Salt-Water Fish.

C. Noel, in a memoir read in the Philomatic Society in Paris, after taking a view of the advantages, recommends the naturalizing salt-water fish in rivers and ponds, and particularly the herring, by constructing an artificial pond between two islands of the Seine, and to deposit in it herrings full of roes, both hard and soft, which might be carried thither in one or

more

more boats. To ensure the success of this first operation, the same boats might repair to the fishing banks, when the herrings have spawned, and take up a lading of fecundated ova to be carried to the artificial pond, with certain precautions, which the author points out in his memoir. C. Moel mentions a great many instances which seem to prove that the herring is fond of fresh water. He relates an experiment of Dr. Franklin, who stocked one of the rivers of New England with herrings, by depositing in the water leaves of plants covered with ova. To add some force to the proofs adduced, C. Noel took a view of the different kinds of fish which, by the art of man, had been transplanted from one climate to another.

Ancient Manner of Hunting,

In the Highlands of Scotland.

IN the year 1563, the Earl of Athol, a prince of the blood royal had, with much trouble and vast expence, a hunting-match for the entertainment of our most illustrious and most gracious queen. Our people call this a royal hunting. I was then a young man, and was present on this occasion. Two thousand highlanders, or wild Scotch, as you call them here, were employed to drive to the hunting ground, all the deer from the woods and hills of Athol, Badenoch, Marr, Murray, and the countries about. As these highlanders use a light dress, and are very swift of foot, they went up and down so nimbly, that in less than two months time they brought together two thousand red deer, besides roes and fallow deer. The queen, the great men, and a number of others, were in a glen when all these deer were brought before them; believe me, the whole body moved forward in something like battle order. This sight still strikes me; for they had a leader whom they followed close wherever he moved.

" This leader was a very fine stag, with a very high head; this sight delighted the queen very much, but she soon had cause for fear; upon the Earl's (who had been from his early days accustomed to such sights) addressing her thus—" Do you observe that stag, who is foremost of the herd? for if either fear or rage should force him from the ridge of that hill, let every one look to himself, for none of us will be out of the way of harm; for the rest will follow this one, and having thrown us under foot, they will open a passage to this hill behind us."—What happened a moment after confirmed this opinion: for the queen ordered one of the best dogs to be let loose on one of the deer; this the dog pursues, the leading stag was frightened, he flies by the same way he had come there, the rest rush after him, and break out where the thickest body of highlanders was; they had nothing for it but to throw themselves flat on the heath, and to allow the deer to pass over them. It was told the queen that several of the highlanders had been wounded, and that two or three had been killed out-right; and the whole body had got off, had not the highlanders, by their skill in hunting, fallen upon a stratagem to cut off the rear from the main body. It was of those that had been separated, that the queen's dogs and those of the nobility made slaughter. There were killed that day three hundred and sixty deer, with five wolves, and some roes."

The DIARY *of a celebrated* POLICE OFFICER.

Monday.

GOT up at eight o'clock—had a *drap of Jackey*—drank two dishes of *slop* with spouse—took a gentle walk to the office, found all quiet, excepting a few night charges —paid my respects to Sir William, and the rest of the *Beaks*, and walked home—read half a dozen pages of a book called *Political Justice*—thought it had been something in our way—devilishly mistaken—couldn't understand a syllable, so fell fast asleep, and did not wake until it was time to attend Lady Fleecum's *rout*—the coachmen and chairmen being a little *obstropolos*, was *obligated* to tip them a little *patter*.

Tuesday.—Did not get up till noon, having drank rather too freely of *black strap* the night before—very queer at dinner—took a walk afterwards to Fulham—returning home, met Bob Blunderbuss and Ben Bounce, going out on their *prads*—in the evening attended my duty at the Opera—had a long talk with Lord Flutter about Galloping Dick and Boniparty—handed Lady Wheedle and the young ladies to their carriage—called at a *ken* in the way home, drank four *goes* of brandy and water, smoaked my pipe, and went to bed.

Memorandum.—If any thing done by *scampsmen* on the Fulham road, send the *traps* to *pull up* Bounce and Blunderbuss, two *forties* at least, besides what the *prads* will fetch at the repository.

Wednesday.—Not being at the office yesterday, took a stroll there —found the *beaks* and *titlarks* reading the papers and taking snuff—looked over the information book—plenty of business—seventeen burglaries, twenty-four highway and footpad robberies, all entered since Saturday—none of the parties *spoke to* on the road able to swear positively, because the dogs wore crapes and handkerchiefs over their faces.

Thursday.—Did not get up until it was time to attend the Drawing-room at St. James's; after which, Mack and I called at a *flash ken* in St. Giles's—closetted with the *cove* and Sal Sly for half an hour—had a special meeting of the *traps*, at the *Russian* Coffee-house—agreed to *grab* about a dozen old acquaintances for examination next week. —In the evening went to the Opera—Lord Spooney presented me with two guineas, for the new flash song made on the last execution, beginning

"Within a *Rattler* stands *Moll Flash*,
"To see the kiddies die."

Friday.—Attended at the office —three boys brought in for *prigging* of *wipes*—no prosecutors appeared —blew up the patrole for not apprehending them, as well as the thieves.—At twelve o'clock, went to the Lectures at St. James's—the church amazing full—pickpockets very numerous—met with several old friends from Botany Bay, who appeared to pay as much regard as ever to the 8th Commandment.—At night dined with Sir —— and Lady—both expressed a great desire to learn the slang language—agreed to teach it for a guinea a lesson—at eleven o'clock took him to a *ken*—heard some capital knowing songs—Sir John *lipt* us the favourite *chaunt* of poor *Jerry Abershaw's*—

"Ye ſcamps, ye pads, ye divers,
"You're all upon the lay."

Staid till five in the morning—both got dead drunk, but made shift to reach the *Finish*, where we took coffee.

Saturday.—Went into the city—had a consultation with the Bank Directors

Directors about the forged notes—after which, attended their Lordships of the Post-office, about a mail robbery—drank chocolate at both places, put on some very knowing looks, but know just as much who forged the notes, or robbed the mail, as the Pope of Rome—must find out, if can—because why? these prosecutions pay a body very well for one's trouble.

Sunday—Put on my best mourning—went to Chapel Royal—lost my last new *caster*, cost twenty-five shillings—the King and all the Royal Family (God bless 'em) laughed ready to split their sides to think how the knowing one was done.—Went home rather cross, eat a hearty dinner off roast beef, and drank plenty of punch—read Moll Flanders and Lord Chesterfield's Letters.—At nine o'clock went to St. Giles's, as agreed with the officers, and *grabbed* about fifteen *pretty boys*, for an exhibition before Sir William the next morning.

Memorandum.—Must ask some of my friends, *the Judges*, whether hat-stealing in a church is not sacrilege; and whether, as the robbery was done between sun-rise and sun-set, I can't sue the county for the twenty-five shillings?

Glossary of Fashionable or Cant Phrases.

Beaks—Magistrates.
Black-strap—Red Port.
Caster—A Hat.
Cove—The Landlord.
Flash ken—A Public-house for thieves.
Forties—Rewards.
Go—Half a quartern.
Grabbed—*Pulled up*—Synonimous for apprehending.
Jackey—Gin.
Lip a chaunt—Sing a song.
Nosed—Observed.
Prads—Horses.
Prigs—Thieves.
Russian Coffee-house—The Brown Bear.
Slop—Tea.
Spoke to—Robbed.
Titlarks—Spectators at Bow-street.
Traps—Runners.
Wipes—Pocket handkerchiefs.

Burlesque upon Private Routs.

Mrs. Swipe's Rout, in Ram Alley.

AMONGST the most elegant and convivial parties the metropolis has to boast of the present season, we must rank the assembly, April 11, at the amiable Mrs. Swipes's. To enumerate all the beauty, gaiety, and fashion, that ornamented this charming *rout*, would be to recapitulate all that are worth noticing in London. The rooms were open about nine; and we can with the strictest truth observe, that, if ever the charming hostess exceeded herself, it was on this occasion. "Her face," to use the words of our immortal bard, "was fired with labour; she was all attention, all politeness, and all festivity:—indeed, she seemed to possess the power of ubiquity; for, wherever we turned our eyes, she still presented herself, with a bottle of gin in her right hand, and a gin glass in her left. Her daughter, too, the lovely Kitty Swipes, seemed to vie with her mother in entertaining her guests, by carrying hot purl to every quarter of the rooms. About eleven, Miss Slang was earnestly entreated to charm the company with the much admired *Cantata* of "*Come, tip us a glass of True Blue?*"—To those who know the affability, the readiness to oblige, and the sweet condescension of this young lady, it will be needless to observe how chearfully she complied. She was accompanied by the two Master Tripes, one on the marrow-bone and

and cleaver, and the other on the Jew's harp. She was, it must be confessed (in full song), a fine compass of voice, great light and shade, and a most enchanting *portamento.* Master Tripe's performance, too, was astonishing: more firmness of finger, and delicacy of touch, we never witnessed. At that pathetic part of the cantata, "*For Sal had the gift of the gab,*" we observed a tear of sensibility gently stealing down the cheek of the fair Mrs. Noggin. On enquiring the cause, we found that her delicate feelings had been cruelly wounded by that part of the song reviving the fate of her unfortunate daughter, who, a little time before, on account of some *amiable indiscretion*, had been transported to Botany Bay. To this period, nothing could exceed the decorum of the assembly; when, unluckily, a person (for we cannot call him a Gentleman), who is supposed to have intruded himself under the sanction of a *forged ticket**, abruptly exclaimed, "D—n all this cheek music! let us have a little jaw-work of another sort! Where are the hot mutton-pies that Mother Swipes promised?—A reel was now performed, in a capital style, by a part of the company, when the eldest Miss Dunstan, who was one of the dancers, in consequence (as it was thought) of her having inadvertently mixed too much gin in her purl, tumbled with some force against Miss Slammerkin, who, stepping back, asked her, in an angry tone, if she had a mind to be running her rigs? telling her, at the same time, that she would "*dim her day-lights!*"—Such an insult was too much, even for the gentleness and forbearance of Miss Dunstan, who, squaring her elbows, asked Miss Slammerkin " what she was for?"—" A ring! a ring!" was instantly vociferated from every quarter of the room; when, luckily, Mrs. Bungay interposed, and remonstrated, with great earnestness, on the impropriety of such conduct, and desired them to consider how such vulgar proceedings would be reprobated, by the company who frequented any of the assemblies which they might consider as their competitors!—This did not fail to bring all parties to a proper sense of the respect that was due to their own characters, and every thing was amicably adjusted: the hot mutton-pies were introduced, and the ladies waited for no solicitations to testify their practical approbation of the gin and purl.—About three in the morning, the assembly began to separate: carts were provided for those who could not walk; the riders in which, falling to blows soon after their quitting the rooms, were seized by the watch, and all safely lodged in Tothil-fields Bridewell.

* This alludes to the hoax of false tickets of invitation to the Marquis of Abercorn's ball.

The Wild Huntsman.

(*Continued from page 256, last vol.*)

But upon entering a large plain, how great was our joy at beholding once more the peaceful abodes of man. The village we found to be of considerable extent; but the inn, if such it may be called, was one of the most execrable that ever I set foot in in the whole course of my life. "Benedicite!" exclaimed the landlord, all astonishment at seeing a post-chaise draw up before his door, a phænomenon which caused him to stare as much as if the Grand Turk in person had come to pay him a visit. It was no wonder, therefore, if the bill of fare of the house contained nothing more than a few smoaked sausages, some rusty bacon, and a stale loaf of brown

brown bread. Wine, or beer, he assured us, was not to be had in the whole neighbourhood; and such was the goodness of his brandy, that even our postillion was glad to wash his mouth after swallowing a glass of it.

I enquired whether the lord of the manor resided on his estate, hoping to meet with better accommodation from the hospitality of a stranger; but received for answer, that the manor house was entirely waste and uninhabited, nobody having been able to live in it for this century past, and upwards. I demanded the reason.

"Why, as to matter of that, look ye, gentlemen, (replied the landlord,) it is an affair which nobody much cares to speak about: neither dare I on any account, give you any item of the business to-night: but wait (he added) till to-morrow morning, and then, if you are not able to divine the cause yourself, why, I will even let you into particulars."

I, for my own part was too much interested in this obscure answer, to get any sleep after we had retired to bed. But ruminating upon the singularity of the circumstance, about midnight my ears were actually alarmed with the distant sound of horses hoofs, and the echoing thunder of trumpets, horns, and other wind instruments. The noise drew near; and presently a whole troop of horse seemed to pass in full gallop by the window; the air at the same time resounding with such a full band of music, that, had it not been for the unseasonable hour, added to the disagreeableness of the night, I should have imagined his serene highness, the elector, with all his whole court and retinue, had marched through the place on a royal hunting party. The Count awoke with the noise, and abruptly starting up —"What can be the meaning of all this?" he demanded, with a mixture of fear and astonishment. To this question I was as little able to give a satisfactory answer as himself. I continued, therefore, to listen with the greatest attention to what was transacting; and perceived, to my no small surprize, that these nocturnal nimrods had hardly passed our inn, before the noise of their horses and instruments died away, and the whole place was as silent as before.

Not being able to sleep, I wrapped myself up in my great coat, and drawing a chair to the window, awaited with anxious impatience the tardy return of day. At length the morning began to dawn; the whole village re-echoed with the crowing of cocks, which, I may truly say, never sounded more grateful in my ears. The Count at the same time awaking, and seeing me already dressed—"Why, you are up by times, to-day, Sir, (he began, rubbing his eyes). Pray tell me what noise that was which disturbed us last night?"

"Indeed, my lord, (I replied,) my curiosity in this respect is at least equal to your own; and hardly can I wait till we receive the promised information from our landlord."

Hardly had I pronounced these words, when the landlord made his appearance. "Well, gentlemen, he began, have your honours heard any thing extraordinary last night?"

"But too much! (was my reply). However, pray inform me who and what kind of hunters they are that seem so fond of exercising their sport at midnight?"

"Why yes, to be sure, (resumed the landlord) these are matters, as I said before, which one don't much care to talk about. I was unwilling to satisfy your enquiries yesterday. However, as I promised

to give you a relation of the whole affair this morning, you shall find me as good as my word.

"Here, at the bottom of the village, stands a large house, which formerly was the residence of the lord of the manor. Now, you must know, it so happened, that a great many years back, one of these lords was a terrible wicked man, who cared neither for God nor devil, and treated his *subjects* worse than his cattle. Nobody could do any thing to please him. Even his own children he would bang and kick about like dogs, and for the least trifle order them to be thrown into a dark, filthy hole, or dungeon, where they were at last starved to death. His subjects he never called by any other name than his *beasts*, and as such he treated them. In short, he was a true devil incarnate! Now, this wicked man delighted in nothing so much as in hunting. In his woods he harboured all kinds of game, even the most savage, wild boars especially, which made terrible havock and ruination in the fields and gardens of his peasants: and yet, if any of the latter only offered to drive away one of those furious animals, that was, perhaps, treading down his corn, or devouring his turnips, he was sure to be confined for weeks together upon bread and water. Whenever this nobleman thought proper to go a hunting, the whole village was obliged to draw out and accompany him; and on these occasions he would make them supply the place of dogs, and set them upon the game, which, whenever they were not able to catch, he would horse-whip and worry them with his hounds till they fell down dead at his feet.

"One time, as he was indulging in these cruel practices till late at night, he was thrown from his horse, and broke his neck upon the spot.

"The clergy would not suffer him to be interred in the church-yard like a Christian, for which reason he was buried in a corner of his park. But now the terrible judgments of Divine vengeance became manifest; for to the present day, his wretched soul is not suffered to rest. At certain stated times and seasons, the wrath of Almighty God obliges him every night the moment it strikes twelve, to ride through the village, and, with Belzebub and his hellish train, to drive into the manor-house, where he is fain to stay till one o'clock in the morning, which no sooner is heard to strike, than the whole infernal troop of them are remanded back to the bottomless pit."

APRIL FOOLING EXTRAORDINARY.

TO begin with the Metropolis, (besides the private hits upon the public credulity on the first of April), the following bill was posted in several places on the other side of the water

"RACING INTELLIGENCE.

"*Surrey against Kent.*

"To be Run this day, April the 1st, 1800, in the Borough Road, St. George's Fields, by two WEE-GEES (lately arrived from Bengal). To be rode by two Blacks. To be run from the King's Bench to the Obelisk, and back, six times. In three heats. For Fifty Guineas.—N. B. To start at two o'clock."

And on Tuesday the 1st of April, a few hand-bills were stuck up in Kendal, purporting that a person, who stiled himself *Signior Gaudentia de Lucca*, or *The Little Devil*, would perform the most surprising and extraordinary feats, on the tight-rope, that had ever been exhibited to the public, at the Old Castle Yard, on the Tuesday evening following.

lowing. The bill contained a great deal of unintelligible jargon, which no person was able to make out, but which was supposed to be Welch, from the great number of consonants in it.

Notwithstanding the unintelligibleness of the bill, a concourse of people assembled, at the time appointed, to the number of five hundred and upwards. The owner of the castle had appointed constables, and others, to keep the multitude from breaking down the young trees, &c. No performer yet appeared; when, after waiting near an hour in the utmost expectation, they at last concluded it must have been a *hum* upon the town, and breathed nothing but revenge on the persons who had stuck the bills up—if they could find them out. The next morning the following translation was stuck at the foot of the bill—

All ye good people, who expect to see
The greatest wonders thus perform'd to be;
The LITTLE DEVIL bids you go to school,
And there learn hence to be, no *April Fool!*

At Harwich also, on the very same day, a Danish sailor, belonging to an English gun-vessel, pretended that three years ago, when in a Spanish prison, he sold himself to the Devil, in order to procure his release; through whom it was accomplished, and he was suddenly transported, in a way that he was not sensible of, to a great distance from his place of confinement, and supplied with a bag of money, by his new master: that he got a respite from him for three years; and a few days back, the time being expired, his new master came for him on board the vessel, at ten o'clock at night; but, being unwilling to leave this world at present, he, by intreaties, had a further respite of eight days, when the Devil was to come for him again. In the mean time these circumstances were made known, and his officer ordered him on shore to sick quarters; and, as soon as it was made public, great numbers of people went to see the man, and many were credulous enough to believe his story. By ten o'clock at night, three or four hundred people assembled round the house, and many were admitted, with two Dissenting Ministers, whose united prayers proved so great an obstacle to the Devil's appearance to take away the poor sailor, that the concourse returned to their houses much disappointed, after waiting about two hours to behold the infernal agent.

The man now says, the reason his master did not come, agreeably to the appointment, is owing to his being very much engaged with the Corn Factors and Millers at and about London.

And, on Thursday the 10th, ANOTHER FASHIONABLE HOAX took place, when, notwithstanding the unfavourableness of the weather, a pedestrian set off, *booted*, from Westminster Bridge, about three o'clock, and, after a *soaking* walk, arrived at Leatherhead a quarter of an hour sooner than expected, and was there met by his Dorking friends, who accompanied him the remainder of his journey, which he accomplished within the time agreed on: but we are sorry to add, that, owing to the *honour* of the parties concerned, the *fame* (exclusive of a wet jacket) which he has acquired by the feat, is the *only* satisfaction he is likely to receive. The following lines were written on the occasion—

The walk is o'er, the wager won,
The *Cornish* lad to town returns,
And reckons on the golden store,
Which *in idea* his pocket burns.

With looks that speak *pedestrian pride*,
He hastens to claim the staked sum;
But finds, alas! to his surprise,
His friends are fled, and all's a hum!

PIKE

PIKE-FISHING,

With an ETCHING *by Mr.* HOWIT.

WE have this month given a plate of Pike-Fishing; and, to many of our readers, a few observations on that amusement may not be unacceptable.

There are two modes of fishing for pike, called Trolling and Snapping.

In Trolling, the pike is permitted, with all possible ease to himself, to take the bait away to his hold, be it far or near, and there to lie undisturbed by you till he has pouched it, which is often ten minutes, or more, but which may be perceived by the line beginning to move again. This is the signal to strike him: do this strongly, and play him till he is tired.

In Snapping, the pike is to be struck as soon as he has taken the bait. Strike, if you can, the contrary way to that which he goes; or, at least, strike upright.

TROLLING.

Rod, strong, yet pliable; from three to four yards long.

Wheel, a multiplier, with thirty yards, at least, of strong wove hair-line. Put a good double box-swivel to the end, and another a yard above.

Hooks armed on gimp, about a foot long.

There is a variety of hooks for trolling with the dead bait, sold at every fishing-tackle shop, which must be baited according to the contrivance of their respective forms; and which, without the hooks, it would answer little purpose to attempt to describe.

To troll with the live bait, whip a single or a double hook on a piece of gimp (in strength according to the size of the fish you are entitled to expect in the water) leaded with three or four swan-shot, about nine inches above the hook. Fish with a large cork float, and bait by hanging your bait-fish by a good hold through the back fin.

SNAPPING.

Rod the same, or somewhat longer, and the top stronger and very smart in the spring. Use a multiplying wheel, and a strong wove hair-line.

Hooks are variously put together for snapping with the dead bait, which, unseen, it would be waste time to attempt to describe the modes of baiting.

For a live bait, the common double spring snap-hook is very good. Bait it by hanging a live fish by the back fin on the small hook, and fish with a large cork float.—Remember, when you fish the *dead* bait, always to cut away carefully, from the bait-fish, one of the gill-fins, and one of the vent-fins on the contrary side: it will play infinitely better.

In trolling or snapping, your dead bait must not be suffered to lie still in the water. Drop it in as gently as you can, and let it be permitted to sink a little, then gently raised, then allowed to sink lower, now drawn a little this way, now that, and, with short and gentle jerks, keep it in continual motion, to imitate that of a live fish.

If you are to fish far out from the bank (as you often must), collect some coils of your line on your hand, hold them easily, and suddenly letting them go, assisted by the spring of your rod, and the weight of your bait-fish and lead, you will soon obtain the knack of throwing with great certainty, and to a very considerable distance. As your bait approaches you in fishing, gather up your line again gradually, and be ready to throw again.—Accustom yourself to fish deep enough, and be very careful there-

Howitt del. et f.

Pike Fishing.

Published May 1, 1800 by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

there is no obstruction to the running of your line (in trolling) the instant you feel a fish; for, if he is checked, or pricked, he will most likely leave the bait.

For baits, no kind of fish comes amiss to the Pike, when feeding; but a Gudgeon or Bleak, or a small Roach or Dace, is to be preferred. In waters where they frequently meet with them, a small Trout is an excellent bait.

The Pike feeds most in clear water, and in warm, dark, windy weather.

To the EDITOR *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,

OBSERVING that your Magazine has lately become the repository of several valuable and curious communications from the German language, appropriate to the divertisements of the field, and the general views of sportsmen and men of pleasure, I am encouraged to send you the following account of the Hunting Music of Russia, and the particular effects of a grand *fêté* at Moscow. It is extracted from a work lately published, in the German language, at Petersburgh.

I am, your's,

ARBUSTUS.

MOVEABLE ORCHESTRA OF HUNTING MUSIC.

THE history of the improvement above hinted observes, that the Hunting Music of Russia was invented by MARESCH, a Bohemian, and an excellent performer upon the horn, Musician to the chamber of the Empress Elizabeth about 1748. He was afterwards Master of the Imperial Chapel, and died in 1794.

In the execution of this horn music, twenty performers, at least, are required; and forty are not too many. Some of these instruments are long and strait, others short and curved: each is a monotone, or of one sound, the number of sounds in the whole system being but ninety-one; so that, when forty performers are engaged, several are obliged to play two or three parts. Some of the horns go lower than horns in general; the sounds, too, are more tremulous, and act with greater power upon distant hearers. The horns can also increase the sounds, or make them die away; so that, at a distance, the effect is like that of musical glasses in a chamber; and the *ozforzato*, *crescendo*, and *dimuniendo*, are likewise produced with astonishing effect and sweetness, in passages replete with harmony and pathos.

At a grand festival given at Moscow, in 1763, during the last week of the Russian carnival, a small mount was raised on a sledge, six fathoms high, and forty in circumference. This sledge, or orchestra, being decorated with trees, shrubs, and branches of fir, upon which were hung dead stags, deers, hares and foxes, had a surprizing appearance. Huntsmen were also so skilfully concealed, (nothing but their caps being to be seen) that a concert, suddenly began by them, had all the effect of magic.

The machine, being moveable, was drawn through the city by twenty-two oxen, passing the house where the Empress dined, for whose entertainment this grand and unique exhibition was invented.

BULL-

Bull-Baiting.

[Debate in the House of Commons, on Friday, April 18, 1800, on the motion of Sir Wm. Pulteney, for reconsidering the report of the Committee, on the Bill to prevent Bull-baiting.]

After Sir Wm. Pulteney had so moved,

Mr. Windham said, that if he had sooner known of such a Bill having been before the House, he should have opposed it, because he considered it a measure which the House ought not to entertain. It went to do away a practice that had subsisted as long as the country itself: and the evils of which, so far from being encreased, there was every reason to suppose had been of late years considerably diminished. For his part he had never been present at a Bull-baiting in his life, and he believed there were many persons who had never heard of such a thing: no complaints had ever been made of the practice, and therefore thought it a subject unworthy of legislative interference, which ought never to be exercised on trifling matters. These were not fit times for that busy meddling spirit, that *pruritus legis ferendæ*, with which some gentlemen appeared to be actuated. It would now appear, as if every man who, from local or personal motives wished to put a stop to any particular practice, had nothing to do but to bring in a Bill for that purpose, which, on account of the impropriety of discussing it, stood a chance of passing into a law; but which, on account of that very impropriety, ought never to have been introduced into Parliament. His broad objection to this Bill was, that the evil it complained of, if such existed, was not of magnitude enough to call for legislative interference. This little petty meddling spirit of legislation was an evil of much greater extent than any it complained of, and should never be countenanced by that House. A great part of this system was founded on the supposed condition of the poor. On the subject of the poor, he was happy to inform those gentlemen present, that they should soon see a publication, which should only require to be seen, in order that it might be read, the work of a man who was one of the greatest ornaments of his country while he lived—

Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe: quid utile, quid non.
Plenius ac melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit.

He meant the late Mr. Burke. The gentlemen who appeared so much the advocates of the poor, and used a language so like that of cant and hypocrisy, were running into an evil worse than that which they appeared desirous of preventing: they were for depriving the poor of all their amusements, without even considering what had been the practices in this country, as well as in every other part of the world, at all times. If gentlemen would look back to the ancients, they would find the religion of those people so interwoven with sports and amusements, that almost every day appeared a holiday with them. Let them also see what were the practices in Roman Catholic countries; where they would find that the poor enjoyed much more relaxation and amusements than they did in this country. He certainly believed that the poor of England enjoyed more physical comforts than those of any other country; but there was no country were such pains were taken, and such a war raised, to deprive them of all the comforts arising from amusements. In the fine climates of Spain and Italy, it was usual for the poor, after the labour of the day, to amuse themselves with dancing

the

the greatest part of the night to the music of the guitar. But should any such thing as a dance, or what was more commonly called a *hop*, occur in this country, the Magistrates were all up in arms directly, and the sound of a fiddle is considered by them to be as abominable as the sound of an organ was formerly by the dissenters in this country. If a few stroling players were to come into a country village, their arrival was looked upon by the Magistrates to be as dangerous as that of a set of wild beasts. Then, if the poor, debarred of every means of recreation, should meet in public houses, this must not be allowed them. If it be asked how they are to spend their holidays, the answer is—"let them go home and read their Bibles."—This was certainly a very good thing; but those who desired it to be done should set the example themselves. It was not, however, a recreation. But, happily for this country, the people had a species of hardy and athletic exercises, which contributed very much to give them a martial spirit: and it originated from the same spirit by which a person of higher rank was actuated to fight against the enemies of his country; because it was followed by a trial of skill, and a certain degree of glory to the victor.—The game of cudgel-playing was one of those; and if two men found amusement in breaking each other's heads with sticks, it was very fair game to do so. Boxing was another amusement which, though it was much cried down, and was often attended with dangerous consequences to the combatants, he would never attempt to discourage. He did not think that it made the people savage or brutal. The sports of a people went a great way to form their national character. The people of England, who took delight in practices which some called brutal, were the very reverse of ferocious; they might sometimes be harsh, unmannerly, and rude; but he would assert that no people in the world, had a greater horror of bloodshed, nor a greater aversion to the use of deadly weapons. Let this conduct be compared with the gentleness and humanity of the French, who had never followed the savage custom of boxing: compare it with that of the Spaniards: and even in Holland a different spirit would be found to exist:—of this an instance lately occurred, in which the most fatal consequences arose from a little affray with some Dutchmen, which with Englishmen would have ended in a black eye or bloody nose. It was well known that the English were not only as brave and as prodigal of their lives as any people in the world, but were always the first to forbear all manner of fury in success, and to spare the lives of the vanquished. He certainly admitted that the practice of bull baiting was very different from the manly, athletic exercises he had just mentioned, because there was some degree of cruelty in tormenting an animal; but even this had its use: it served to cultivate the qualities, and keep up the breed of those useful animals called bull-dogs; a beed which, he was sorry to see degenerating very much, so as to be nearly lost. England had long been famous for this breed of dogs, and they were mentioned by Gratius so early as the days of Augustus; even some of our ships had taken their names from these animals. But the practice of Bull-baiting was objected to on the ground of its cruelty, and that too by the very men who gave their sanction to the Game Laws, and monopolized to themselves the noble practice of shooting

shooting. He would ask them, if there was no cruelty in that practice? Certainly not, if every bird was killed on the spot; but he himself was shooter enough to know, that for one bird that was killed, a dozen went off wounded. He would ask those gentlemen if there was no cruelty in hunting? What would the poor, who were already deprived of the liberty of shooting, say to those gentlemen of fortune who were endeavouring to cut them off from all kinds of amusements? Why that those latter were worse savages than they: that they were not content with having all nature before them, and monopolizing to themselves the right of killing game, but that they took delight in tormenting poor timid animals that ran away to save their lives; that they pursued these animals, until their horses could scarcely put one foot before another. That that still was not sufficient to satisfy them; but they panted for the honour of being *in at the death*; or in other words, of gratifying their ferocious dispositions by seeing the entrails torn from the animal that had been so long a victim to their cruelty. He wished to caution the House not to afford the lower classes of people an opportunity of using such language as this. He was far from wishing to treat the Magistrates of this country with any kind of disrespect; but he was sorry to observe that they were too much in the habits of using an unnecessary and vexatious control over the lower classes of people; and like those persons, who were always preventing children from enjoying their recreations and amusements, thought that every kind of control was useful to the poor. Many persons thought, that the lower classes had nothing to do but to eat, drink, sleep, and work. This disposition, he feared, grew out of the system of the Poor Laws, which was the source of a very great and unfavourable change in the manners of the lower classes in the country. It was perhaps thought, that if they partook of amusements, they must spend their money, and be a burthen on the parish. For his part he held a different opinion; nor did he think these men had any right to prescribe to the poor the work they must perform, as they would do to their servants; and the principle they went upon was as mean and sordid, as the laws were bad that gave rise to it. But whatever the principle in which the present Bill originated might be, he would always oppose that petty spirit of legislation, which enters into that House on the suggestion, probably, of some little consequential man in the country, whose hedges might have been damaged, or whose wife might have been frightened at seeing a bull-bait. But the feelings of the lady who should make loud complaints to her husband against the brutes in human shape who had caused her so much alarm, were not at all affected at the cry of the hounds, or the sight of the hunters, who were inflicting greater torture on other animals: all this was very fine. This Bill would have an injurious effect on the moral character of the people: it led men into the commission of all kinds of crimes, when those things were made legally criminal, which the people would never believe to be morally criminal. It would be disgraceful to the House to sanction such a Bill; and he would move to put off the further consideration of it for six months.

Sir Wm. Pulteney animadverted on the inconsistency betrayed by the Secretary at War in the course of his speech:—First, the matter was not worthy of attention; afterwards,

wards, it was such as might tend to change or extinguish the spirit of the people — the gallantry and courage of our navy and army must die away, unless they be occasionally revived by the excitements of bull-baiting. For his part, he had never seen a bull-baiting, but he learnt from good authority, the mischief it produced in Shropshire, and other counties, where from five to six hundred men are frequently drawn away from their work for whole weeks. Bull dogs, for the preservation of the race, of which the Honourable Gentleman was so anxious, were also known to be very mischievous; they attacked not only bulls, but men and women too, so as to render it dangerous to stir abroad on such occasions. Besides, there were several places where bull-baiting was wholly unknown, Yorkshire, Cumberland, and almost the whole of the North for example; but, he was yet to learn, that the inhabitants of these counties required such amusements to sharpen their spirit and courage. He also must deny that the spirit of the English law had any thing that was harsh in it; on the contrary, it was more indulgent than that of any other country. As to the game laws, he had now nothing to do with them; he only looked at present to the abuses which attended Bull-baiting, and to correct them, was the professed object of the measure he had had the honour to propose.

Mr. Canning rose to re-state some of the propositions, and exhibit in their genuine order some of the arguments of his Right Honourable Friend, which had been misunderstood and misrepresented by the Honourable Baronet. The general scope of what was urged against the Bill could not, without great violence, be said to embrace harsh or invidious distinctions in favour of the poor against the rich. It could not be the object of his Right Honourable Friend to degrade a class which he so highly valued, yet it could no more be his object to deprive, of long-tolerated amusements, a class of the community confessed by all to be entitled to every consideration from that House. The Honourable Baronet seemed to consider it an egregious absurdity to discuss the present question at large: he (Mr. Canning) admitted that it was a great absurdity to go at length into the discussion, because never, in his mind, was so absurd a question brought before Parliament. But if the Bill was thus absurd, it was the reason of all others the most pressing for discussing its merits, unless, indeed, it should be contended that the measure ought not to be discussed at all. What his Right Honourable Friend chiefly insisted on were two propositions; and if he understood these distinctly, they were, that 1st, legislative interference is not necessary; and 2dly, if it be necessary, that the practice of bull-baiting cannot be suppressed without appearing to make an unjust distinction in favour of the higher classes, whose sports and whose amusements are, in many respects, not less boisterous and brutal than those of the lower orders. Such propositions, it was easy to comprehend in their application and force; and whatever gentlemen on the other side chose to say to the contrary, for one, he was certain his Right Hon. Friend meant not to arm the prejudices of one description of the people against the other. He was sure his Right Honourable Friend meant not to pursue, with vindictive comment, or hold up to public detestation, the favourite amusements of the gay and the opulent. But what severity was there in observing, that if gentlemen

gentlemen really intended to regulate and restrain the amusements of the lower orders, it would be well if the rich would begin with a self-denying ordinance.—[Here the Honourable Member took a rapid view of the general argument of the Right Honourable Secretary, and inferred from his reasoning, in this place, that the House would not act worthy of itself, and of its dignity, in passing the present Bill.]—He reminded gentlemen of what was the full attendance last year on the Game Laws, and supposed it as a case, that during the discussion of that subject last session, a Foreigner had come to hear the debate, and having asked what was the subject, was told, "Why nothing but a difference of opinion between some of the members, whether they shall begin one month sooner or later to shoot a few birds that are curiously dished up with a little bread sauce." And suppose the same foreigner to be under the gallery at the moment he was speaking, what would again be his surprize to find that not a question of war or peace—not whether we should grant subsidies to foreign Princes—not a debate on laws for general national regulation, occupied the full attention of so large a body of the representatives, but a question respecting bull-baiting!—[a laugh]—The Honourable Baronet had expressed disapprobation of the practice of permitting hops in various parts of the metropolis; but whatever might be the antipathy of the Hon. Baronet to the amusement of dancing, surely there was some indulgence due to hops, which might well be supposed to tend to the increase of his Majesty's subjects. As to cock-fighting, he never attended such exhibitions; but it was easy to conceive that even that sport, if the cause of evils, was also the source of genuine enjoyment. On general grounds, therefore, on the ground that the practice of bull-baiting conduced, as his Right Honourable Friend had stated, to give an athletic vigorous tone to the character of the classes engaged in it, and that to this hour it is permitted throughout the whole kingdom of Spain—on the ground also that legislative interference, especially in minute affairs, is always impolitic, he should sit down, heartily approving of the motion made by his Right Honourable Friend.

Mr. Sheridan said, that two more extraordinary speeches than those of the Right Honourable Secretary, and the Honourable Member who had just sat down, he seldom, if ever, heard in that House. The former was not merely contented with general expressions of disapprobation of the amusements of the higher classes, but appeared to wish to excite the lower orders to rancorous opposition to the magistracy of the country; while the latter did little more than endeavour to enforce and illustrate similar doctrines. The Honourable Member said, that nothing could be a greater absurdity than the Bill of the Honourable Baronet; now how did he make out this assertion? Was it the greatest absurdity possible to attempt to suppress a brutal and disgraceful sport? The greatest absurdity in this case was the Right Honourable Secretary making a long speech to shew the absurdity of a measure which, if absurd, must be obviously so, and would therefore be most readily discovered in its true character, and of course exploded. But what was the full latitude of approbation of bull-baiting, which the Honourable Member avowed? Why one gentleman (the Right Honourable Secretary), and another (his Honourable Friend), told the House, that the

the practice was now fast dying a natural death; but "ah!" adds the other, (Mr. C.) "I nevertheless hope I shall see many bull-baitings." This was in the true style of a sportsman; for the Honourable Member would, at all events, come in at the death. Thus then it was manifest that gentlemen meant not to confine the sport of bull-baiting to the lower orders, for most certainly it was now adopted into the circle of amusements for Members of Parliament. With respect to much of the speech of the Right Honourable Secretary, it was so fanciful and metaphysical, that however the country members behind him might be entertained by it, he (Mr. Sheridan) derived little, if any, gratification from it; though, if considered as a whole, it could not but be deemed as abounding in truly Jacobinical doctrine. The allusion to the magistracy of the country had this tendency in a high degree; for what indeed could be so Jacobinical, as to compare country justices to little children. Had such invective come from their (the opposition) side of the House, how loud would have been the Right Hon. and Hon. Members against (what they would call) sedition. Certainly every class in the community was in every respect entitled to enjoy all rational sports and all innocent amusements; but there might be some harm in giving wide dominion to the opinions of those gentlemen who that evening, for the first time in their lives, stepped out of the beaten path, and, in seeking to amuse the poor, sought at the same time to subject the amusements of the rich to invidious comment! No doubt it was fitting that the poor should take recreation from labour, and indulge in general sports; and it was not harsh to say, that while we are indulging ourselves in all amusements, they ought at least to be permitted to enjoy some. He trusted there was not a man in that House, or out of it, more heartily the friend of the poor than himself; and he entirely concurred in opinion with the Right Honourable Secretary, as to the impropriety of the Magistrates interfering with hops and fairs, &c. But the principle was not carried far enough. The Honourable Member (Canning) alluded to the practice of bull-baiting in Spain; but would he say that it is the effect of that sport, so prevalent among them, to raise the Spanish mind to heroism? Did he think that it was bull-baiting which caused the superiority of the Spaniards in courage over the English?--[A general laugh.]—It was contended that the sport did not brutalize those concerned in it; that it is even not inconsistent with a humane disposition. Nothing could be less founded in truth than this. How was the fact? Why every instance of bull-baiting was an instance of renewed ferocity in the manners of the people. Did not those engaged in the sport prepare the dogs for the pursuit by much previous instruction? and differing even from other barbarous games, was not the animal pinned, and the dogs let loose into his sides, while he is denied the means of defence? Yet this was the sport which fired the martial spirit, which aroused and confirmed the native courage of Englishmen! The contrary was the truth. However, if the Right Honourable Secretary should ever be present at a baiting, no doubt he would let the bull lose, which certainly would be an effectual mode of raising the gallant pride of a warlike populace. —[A general laugh.]—It was idle to talk of the humane disposition of

of persons engaged in such pursuits. The practice of bull-baiting, with all its circumstances, must be allowed to be the most beastly and brutal, the most unworthy of man that ever prevailed in society. The Right Honourable Secretary had said, that the breed of bull-dogs was spoken of by one Gratius so early as in the time of Augustus, but what did this prove? Not surely that the bull-dog is a generous animal; the nature of the bull-dog is the most worthless of any breed of the genus of animals to which he belongs. He is indeed the vilest animal that exists. So far from being courageous, he is sly, artful, and insidious, and having once got fast hold of the poor bull, he never lets him go, no more than a placeman lets go his place.—[A loud laugh.]—In alluding to what Mr. Windham said of gentlemen canting about the poor, Mr. Sheridan observed, that however the Right Hon. Gentleman might think it fit to use such language, those who sat on the opposition benches, as they were called, instead of giving the poor of England bull-baiting, would give them beef. Here the Honourable Member reverted to what was said of the Magistrates, and called to the recollection of the House the interference of the officers of the police, who entered a house in St. Giles's about a twelvemonth ago, and having a Magistrate's warrant, which was improperly granted, disturbed the people there assembled, interrupted the amusements of the poor unoffending persons who were that evening relaxing after the toils of many weary days, and provoked a riot, which ended but with the loss of three lives. This melancholy affair became afterwards the subject of legal discussion, and he had no hesitation in saying, that the two unfortunate Irishmen who suffered in consequence, were found guilty, directly contrary to law. But it was nevertheless right that he should state, that there were well-grounded reasons for believing, at one time, that they would be reprieved; to procure which, he had waited twice on the Duke of Portland, and did not doubt but that a reprieve would have been granted, had not that noble person been called in haste from town on urgent business. Here Mr. Sheridan renewed his objections to the sport of bull-baiting, and said, that an Honourable Friend of his intended shortly to bring in a Bill for preventing inhumanity to animals in general, especially to horses, which were seen every day in our streets treated with most vicious and unmerited cruelty. He concluded by declaring his cordial approbation of the Bill.

Mr. Canning explained.

Sir Richard Hill said, bull-baiting was carried to great length in Staffordshire and Shropshire, where the people met for several days together for the purpose. He had several letters to shew the injury hence arising to manufacturers; and there were also several petitions against the practice, but it was not thought necessary to present them, as it was not supposed that any body would stand up to support such a barbarous custom. He hoped, however, that the gentlemen would not make this a party question; and if they would not let Europe be at peace, that at least they would suffer the brute creation to enjoy it.

Mr. Martin supported the Bill.

The House then divided on Mr. Windham's (the Secretary at War) amendment—

Ayes 43—Noes 41.

The Bill is consequently lost.

POETRY

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

POWER OF INSTINCT IN A DOG.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,

HAVING seen numerous instances in your Magazine, of this animal's sagacity, fidelity, &c. I send you the following, which can be attested by a number of persons in the neighbourhood of Stratford-upon Avon—

"Some years since, a person who lived at the Turnpike House, about a mile from the birth-place of the immortal Shakespeare, had trained a dog to such exactness, that being sent to Stratford on a market day, or at any other time, with a note inclosed round his neck, being pretty strong bodied, he would return with the commodities sent for, in the same way; such as grocery, &c. In these errands he never met with let or hindrance from the hands of man, always bringing his commodities safe to hand. But one day, unfortunately overtaking a party, who, with their terriers, were scouring the ditches for rats, &c. the dog messenger, naturally forgetting his errand, plunged into the ditches with the rest, and being laden with tea and sugar, spoiled the one and dissolved the other, to the no small surprize of the spectators, and the consequent regret of those who sent him."

There is at this time a she-cat, belonging to a broker upon Saffron Hill, not less ferocious against dogs in general, than peculiar in her manner of attacking them, most frequent when she has kittens. At this time she sallies out, indiscriminately, upon every one that passes the door; and, jumping upon their backs, applies her talons about their heads, in such a manner, till she is tired, that the howling of these unfortunate animals afford no small surprize and amusement to the spectators in general.

A publican on the Southwark side of the water, hit upon a new mode of amusing his customers during the Easter holidays, by putting up a butt of beer to be raffled for at his own house.

A very respectable carpenter, of Saffron Hill, (Mr. T.) on Monday night, April 7, amusing a company of bacchanalian friends, with an account of Barnet races, observed, "that he once witnessed a race of an extraordinary nature; a *horse* and a *mare* was going round the ground for the last heat, when, by some fault of the rider, the horse threw him, and ran with such violence against a carriage, as to cut his head open, and throw himself; and yet," continued this *elevated chip*, "the horse *beat* the *winning* mare!!!"

A true odd fellow, one Rowland Nicholson, died on the 26th of March, at Brompton, in Cumberland, aged 96, formerly a shoemaker, and an industrious, honest man. He was a freeman of Carlisle, had voted at *fifteen elections*, and was so much attached to the interest of the present Members for that city, as frequently to express an anxious wish to be be interred in a *blue coffin!* and to be attended to the grave by four bearers with *blue ribbands* at their hats! Which *extraordinary* wish his relations complied with.

Thursday, the 10th, in the evening, the remains of Mr. James Frazer, tambourine player to the Duke of York's Band, were interred in St. John's burying-ground, Westminster. The corpse was attended

attended by the respectable society of Freemasons.

Jackson, the pugilist, who lives at free quarters with Sir Joseph Mawbey, may be truly said *to have brought his hogs to a good market*.

What will the puritans of the present times say to the following list of *dances*, now in fashion at all the *galas* of our nobility:—"Devil and no Devil."—"Drops of Brandy."—"Hell's Glory."—"Go to the Devil and shake yourself."—"The Devil among the Taylors."—"Petticoats loose," &c. &c. &c.

Among the *dances* in our fashionable routes, the German *Waltze* has become so general, as to render the ladies' *garters* an object of consideration in regard to elegance and variety. Some idea of the *Waltze* may be formed from the following remark in the celebrated Sorrows of Werter:—"To hold in my arms (says Werter) the most lovely of women, to fly with her like the wind, and lose sight of every other object! But I own to you, I then determined that the woman I loved, and to whom I had pretensions, should *never* do the Waltze with any *other man*. *You will understand this.*"

The present King of Spain amuses himself in his gardens with a play similar to what our boys call *bandy*; trying which can bring the other on his knees by bending his finger back. The King of Spain is very fond of this amusement, for he is remarkably strong. A little time ago a Frenchman was in great favour, because he had strength enough to equal his Majesty, and sense enough to yield. One day, the Frenchman forgot himself, and brought his Majesty to the ground: the King immediately struck him in the face!

Friday morning, the 11th, between six and seven o'clock, a chesnut mare, belonging to Mr. Atkins, of Brill, Bucks, for a wager of forty pounds, started from St. Giles's Church, in Oxford, to trot to the 8th mile stone on the Banbury road and back within an hour, which she lost by only three seconds, although she turned round three times in the first three miles.

The following passage in a pamphlet lately published, entitled, "Cautions to Young Sportsmen," written by Sir Thomas Frankland, Bart. ought to be impressed on the minds of all persons who use, or fall in the way of fowling pieces:—"I remember your laughing at my hyper-caution, when, handling various guns in the maker's shop, I shifted the muzzles, so that at no one instant any one was pointed at a limb of the several persons around us. I was not then exerting any particular care; the practice was habitual to me; and I wish to impress upon your mind, that, with respect to the muzzle being suffered, during the fraction of a second, to point towards any human being, a *gun should always be considered as loaded*.—How have the numerous accidents happened from the kitchen wit of terrifying the maids, by threatening to shoot them, but in presuming guns not to be loaded? In some of these cases, the trigger has been drawn unintentionally; in others, with a view to study the passion of terror in the human countenance, (inexcusable this, even in a painter) by snapping the lock; sometimes in a struggle from persons interfering."

By a late testimony at the Old Bailey, it appears there is no such a thing as an *old* pair of shoes in the West Indies. The best exported are not intended to last more than *two days!*

If the West Indians are thus content with *boots* that will not last above a *week*, they have reached a pitch of fashionable extravagance, compared

compared to which the dress of Bond-street is an emblem of *economy*, and the manners of the metropolis a *great saving!*

PROVIDENT FOWL-STEALER.—On searching the house of one of these marauders, lately in Kent, the constable found in a tub, several fowls laid down in *pickle!*

EFFECTS OF FORTUNE.—A *Glazier*, a Sharer in a 20,000l. prize in the present Lottery, and an inhabitant of Brick-lane, Spitalfields, was so elated by his success, that on his arrival at home, *he broke all the windows* of his own house, and all those of his neighbours within reach from the street.

If any circumstance could be supposed to excite a smile during the late awful fire in Panton-street, it would have been the exertions of an inhabitant, who, in order to preserve his furniture from being *burnt*, threw it from the attic story into the street, where it was literally *dashed to pieces*.

An offender lately committed to Newgate, in Dublin, charged with robbing some of the apartments of the House of Lords of furniture, cloth, and patent lamps. When he was asked how he dared to commit such an offence, audaciously replied, (alluding to the intended Union) "*That he understood they would be shortly of no use there.*"

A severe battle was lately fought at the New Barrack Ground, Tyburn, for half a guinea, between Hancock and Allen, two privates in the West London Militia. They set to with the utmost fury, and after twenty-three rounds hard fighting, in which much pugilistic skill was displayed on both sides, Allen was compelled to give in, and was so dreadfully beaten, that it is reported he is since dead of his bruises. The battle lasted one hour and twenty minutes.

A sparring match took place lately at the Jerusalem coffee-house, between a commander of an East India ship, and his former first mate. The Captain, after *boxing* all the points of the compass, drew a compleat chart of the *Red Sea* on the nose and mouth of his antagonist, who was at last obliged to give in. We should presume the battle will be fought again in the Court of King's Bench, with the powerful aid of those able bottle-holders *John Doe* and *Richard Roe*.

Amongst the modern fashionable *dances*, a new one has been introduced, called "*The Devil among the Players!*" The figure is rather *aukward*, as it ends with *casting off four couple* without *hands across*, and *back again*.

His Grace of Rutland has not only launched a new brilliant *carriage*, but has also mounted a new *raven-coloured wig*, which is esteemed the best appointed *scratch* in the whole review of *Bond-street!*

A *fashionable Widow*, *richly* bequeathed by her departed spouse, has lately entered the *drive* of *Bond-street* in a style of peculiar attraction, by sporting a hammer-cloth to her carriage, on which there are numberless *lozenges* invitingly embossed, and at which the *Hibernian* loungers are observed to *lick their lips* until their *mouths water!*

The equestrian heroes who so very gallantly assisted a *certain* lady in her fall from her horse, felt a very severe mortification in the discovery of her doe-skin breeches, made *à la Madame La Duchesse de P——!*

French principles, customs, and habits, are grown so much out of fashion, that the female world, to a woman, scorn any longer to rank among the *sans culottes*.

Madame la ———, the very *convenient* milliner, whose refinements on a certain article of female dress are so truly commendable,

assures her fair customers that the objections of national importance are wholly removed by her late alterations. The *article* now combines all the convenience of the petticoat.

It is a moot point with some of our *old beaux*, whether the *graces* look most lovely in an anterior or posterior view; the natural simplicity of the drapery in both instances is so truly fascinating.

The city officers lately apprehended, in one of the streets leading from Cheapside, a Man—a Woman—a GREAT DANCING BEAR—and a MONKEY!!! They were ALL taken to the Poultry Compter! When arrived there, Mr. Baldwin, the Turnkey, received the Man and Woman as vagrants; but refused to take in the BEAR and MONKEY as prisoners, without an order of commitment from the Lord Mayor; because, should they prove refractory, he might find some difficulty in getting prisoners of *their* description *handcuffed!!!*—Upon promising to appear no more in the city, they were all liberated.

An ingenious Parisian has taught cats to sing, as appears by the following advertisement, which has been published at Paris:—"On the 5th Germinal will be performed, a *Miaulic* Concert, in which twenty-six cats will execute the air of *Ran tamplan tire lire*, and of the *Epoux assortis*. The concert will conclude with a grand chorus by all the 26 cats, in perfect concord, and excellent time!"—How far the appearance of a mouse would put the *miaulists* out of tune, is somewhat doubtful.

The ingenious Frenchman's *Miaulic* Concert is not wholly without a precedent in our own country. Many years ago, a gentleman invented what he called a *Gruntetto*, the music of which was produced by swine: as far as I remember of it, it was in the form of an organ; on touching each key, a nail was made to touch the back of a swine, producing a grunting note, correspondent to its size: the *baconers* and *porkers* formed the *base* scale, and the *alts* were supplied by *sucking pigs*. The effect was wonderful. Thus it seems, that whatever enmity may regulate the respective governments in the conduct of the war, the capital cities of France and England wish for no rivalship but in frivolity of amusements. Here we are entertained by *learned dogs*, and there they are delighted by *musical cats!*

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

A Barber's customer, willing to break a jest upon him, while waiting in the shop for his return from a neighbour, saluted him on his coming in with, "Here comes paper-skull."—"Who do you call paper-skull," replied the enraged tonsor, "my head is as *thick* as any of yours!"

A NATURAL MISTAKE.—A little country lad being sent to church, the first Sunday after he came to Birmingham, was particularly asked what the parson said, when he came home. The text being taken from the words, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish;" he replied, with the utmost simplicity, "Why the parson says, that 'Except you pay your *rent*, you will all go to the *parish*.'"

Another being strictly asked what the text was, answered, "it was a little round thing."

It

It is a fact, that in this age of adventure, a school-master newly come into a working neighbourhood, near Hoxton, has obtained a number of scholars, in consequence of a promise made in his handbills, that to as many of his scholars as stay with him till they are ten years of age, he will communicate a secret, which will be of service to them as long as they live. Or, in case of the death of a child, he promises to communicate to the parents.

A *very thin lady* having lately asked a gentleman, "whether he believed in *Ghosts?*"—"Yes, madam," he replied, "*as sure as you stand there.*"

When Mr. Horne Tooke was justifying to the Commissioners his return of income under sixty pounds a year, one of those gentlemen, dissatisfied with the explanation, hastily said, "Mr. Tooke, I do not understand you."—"Very possibly," replied the sarcastic citizen; "but, as you have not *half* the *understanding* of other men, you should have *double* the *patience.*"

One John *Ling* being lately committed to prison, by John *Herring*, mayor of Norwich, it gave occasion for a wag to observe, that "he wondered there was no more sympathy between these *two odd fishes.*"

Lord Hawkesbury's assertion, "that in Scotland the inhabitants subsisted in a considerable degree upon *herrings*, which were found to be a wholesome food, and an excellent *substitute* for *bread*," has been noticed somewhat angrily by the Caledonian Journalists; one of whom wishes his Lordship, when he next eats a *beef-steak*, to try an *herring* with it, as a substitute for bread.

The assertion that *herrings* are the *bread* of Scotland, occasioned a remark from a bye-stander, that people in office are so attached to the *loaves* and *fishes*, that they do not know the *one* from the *other!*

The ingenious gentleman who has discovered an infallible mode of producing a *new crop* of teeth, is requested not to publish it during the present scarcity.

DENUNCIATION *of* LOUIS XIV.—A Mr. Stirling, who was Minister of Barony Church in Glasgow, during the war, which this and other countries maintained against the insatiable ambition of Louis XIV. in that part of his prayer which related to public affairs, used to beseech the Lord, that he would take the haughty tyrant of France and shake him over the mouth of hell; "but good Lord," added the worthy man, "*dinna let him fall in.*" This curious prayer having been mentioned to Louis, he laughed heartily at this new method of punishing ambition, and frequently afterwards gave, The good Scotch Parson, as a toast.

A German author has lately published a Treatise in thirteen volumes folio, against *Matrimony* and the Fair Sex. It is confessed, however, that even *marriage* itself could not be such a martyrdom, as the perusal of this work.

A quibbling writer of the last century quaintly observes, that when the *cannons* of the Princes began war, the authority of the *canons* of the church was destroyed. "It was," says he, "first *mitrum* that governed the world, and then *nitrum*; first, *Saint* Peter, and then, *Salt* Petre."

One of the Chouan Chiefs is going to be married at Paris. *The True Briton*, in its comment on this event, observes, "that the Grand Consul is resolved the chief should not escape without some *punishment.*"

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

FOR THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MEYNEL's HUNT—BILLESDON COPLOW,

A remarkable Day's Sport in LEICESTERSHIRE, on MONDAY Feb. 24.

" *Quæque ipse miserema vidi,*
Et quorum pars magna fui."

WITH the wind at north-east, forbiddingly keen,
The COPLOW or BILLESDON ne'er witness'd I ween,
Two hundred such horses and men, at a burst,
All determined to ride—each resolv'd to be first.
But to get a good start over-eager and jealous,
Two-thirds, at the least, of these very fine fellows,
So crowded, and hustled, and jostled, and cross'd,
That they rode the wrong way, and at starting were lost.
In spite of th' unpromising state of the weather,
Away broke the fox, and the hounds close together:
A burst up to Tilton so brilliantly ran,
Was scarce ever seen in the mem'ry of man.
What hounds guided scent, or which led the way,
Your bard—to their names quite a stranger—can't say;
Tho' their names had he known, he is free to confess,
His horse could not shew him, at such a death-pace.
Villiers, *Cholmondeley*, and *Forester*, made such sharp play,
Not omitting *Germain*, never seen till to-day:
Had you judg'd of these four by the *trim of their pace*,
At Bib'ry you'd thought they'd been riding a race.
But these hounds with a scent—how they dash and they fling!
To o'er-ride them, is quite *the impossible thing*.
Disdaining to hang in the wood—thro' he raced,
And the open for Skeffington gallantly faced,
Where headed, and foil'd, his first point he forsook,
And merrily led them a dance o'er the brook.
Pass'd Galby and Norton, Great Stretton and Small,
Right onward still sweeping to old Stretton Hall:
Where two minutes check, serv'd to shew, at one ken,
The extent of the havoc 'mongst horses and men.

Such

Such sighing, such sobbing, such trotting, such walking—
Such reeling, such halting, of fences such baulking—
Such a smoke in the gaps, such comparing of notes—
Such quizzing each other's daub'd breeches and coats;
Here a man walk'd afoot, who his horse had half kill'd,
There you met with a steed who his rider had spill'd:
In short, such dilemmas, such scrapes, such distress,
One fox ne'er occasioned, *the knowing* confess.
But alas! the dilemmas had scarcely began,
On for Wigston and Ayleston he resolute ran,
Where a few of the stoutest now slacken'd and panted,
And many were seen irretrievably planted.
The high road to Leicester the scoundrel then cross'd,
As *Tell-Tale (a)* and *Beaufremont (b)* found to their cost;
And *Villiers* esteem'd it a serious *bore*,
That no longer could *Shuttlecock (c)* fly as before.
Even *Joe Miller's (d)* spirit of fun was so broke,
That *he* ceased to consider the run as a *joke*.
Then streaming away, o'er the river he splash'd—
Germain, close at hand, off the bank *Melon (e)* dash'd.
Why the *Dun* prov'd so stout, in a scamper so wild,
Till now he had only been rode by a *Child. (f)*
After him plung'd *Joe Miller* with *musters* so slim,
Who twice sunk, and nearly paid dear for his whim,
Not reflecting that all *water-melons* must swim.
Well sous'd by their dip, on they brush'd o'er the bottom,
With liquor on board enough to besot 'em:
But the villain no longer at all at a loss,
Stretch'd away like a devil for ENDERBY GORSE.
Where meeting with many a brother and cousin,
Who knew how to dance a good hay in the furzen,
Jack Raven (g) at length, coming up on a hack,
Whom a farmer had lent him—whipp'd off the game pack,
Running sulky, Old *Loadstone (h)* the stream would not swim,
No longer sport proving a *magnet* to him.
Of mistakes, and mishaps, and what each man befell,
Would the Muse could with justice poetical tell!
Bob Grosvenor on *Plush (i)*—tho' determin'd to ride—
Lost, at first, a good start, and was soon set aside;
Tho' he charg'd hill and dale, not to loose this rare chase,
On *Velvet—Plush* could not get footing alas!
To Tilton sail'd bravely *Sir Wheeler O'Cuff*,
Where neglecting, thro' hurry, to keep a good luff,
To leeward he drifts—how provoking a case!
And was forc'd, tho' reluctant, to give up the chase.

(a) Mr. Forester's horse.
(b) Mr. Maddocks's horse.
(c) Lord Villiers's horse.
(d) Mr. Musters's horse.
(e) Mr. Germain's horse.
(f) Formerly the property of Mr. Child, to whom this hunt is perhaps *originally* indebted for the present spirited style of riding to hounds.
(g) The name of the huntsman.
(h) The huntsman's horse.
(i) Mr. Robert Grosvenor's horse.

As making his way to the pack's not his *forte*,
Sir Lawley (a) as usual, lost half of the sport.
But then the profess'd philosophical creed,
That—" all's for the best"—of Master *Candide*,
If not comfort Sir R. reconcile may at least;
For, on *this* supposition, *his* sport is the best.
Orby Hunter, who seem'd to be hunting his fate,
Got falls, to the tune of no fewer than *eight*.
Basan's King (b) upon *Climpse*, *(c)* sadly out of condition,
Pull'd up, to avoid of being tir'd the suspicion.
He did right; for *Og* very soon found,
His *worst* had he done; he'd have scarce glimps'd a hound.
Charles Meynell, who lay very well with the hounds,
Till of Stretton he nearly arriv'd at the bounds,
Now discover'd that *Waggoner (d)* rather would creep,
Than exert his great prowess in taking a leap.
But, when crossing the turnpike, he read—" ☞ Put on here"—
'Twas enough to make any one bluster and swear.
The *Waggoner* feeling familiar the road,
Was resolv'd not to quit it; so stock still he stood.
Yet prithee, dear *Charles!* why rash vows will you make,
Thy leave of old *Billesdon (e)* to finally take?
Since from *Segg's Hill (f)* for instance, or perhaps *Melton Spinney*,
If they go a good pace, you are *beat* for a guinea.
'Tis money, they say, makes the mare to go kind:
The proverb has vouch'd for this, time out of mind.
But tho' of this truth you admit the full force,
It may not hold so good of every *horse*.
If it did, *Ellis Charles* need not hustle and hug,
By name, not by nature, his favourite *Slug*. *(g)*
Yet *Slug as he is*—the *whole* of this chase,
Charles ne'er cou'd have seen, had he gone a *snail's pace*.
Old *Gradus (h)* whose fretting and fuming at first,
Disqualifies strangely for such a tight burst,
E'er to Tilton arriv'd, ceas'd to pull and to crave,
And tho' fresh*ish* at Stretton, he stepp'd a *pas grave*:
Where, in turning him over a cramp kind of place,
He overturn'd *George*, whom he threw on his face:
And on foot to walk home it had sure been his fate,
But that soon he was caught, and tied up to a gate.

(a) Sir Robert Lawley—not unusually, in the brief dialect of Melton, called Sir Lawley.
(b) Mr. Oglander; who, according to the same dialect, goes by the more familiar appellation of Og.
(c) Mr. Oglander's horse.
(d) Mr. Charles Meynell's horse.
(e) He had threatened never again to attempt following the hounds from Billesdon, as no horse could carry his weight up to them in *that* part of the country.
(f) A very *different* part of the hunt.
(g) Mr. Charles Ellis's horse.
(h) Mr. George Ellis's horse.

Near

Near Wigston occurr'd a most singular joke,
Captain Miller averr'd that his leg he had broke,—
And bemoan'd in most piteous expressions, how hard,
By so cruel a fracture, to have his sport marr'd.
In *quizzing* his friends he felt little remorse,
To *finesse the compleat doing up of his horse.*
Had he told a long story of losing a shoe,
Or of laming his horse, he very well knew
That the *Leicestershire Creed*, out this truism worms,
" *Lost shoes, and dead beat, are synonimous terms.*" (*a*)
So a horse must here learn, whatever he does—
To die *game*—as at *Tyburn*—and " *die in his shoes.*"
Bethel Cox, and *Tom Smith*, Messieurs *Bennett* and *Hawke*,
Their nags all contriv'd to reduce to a walk.
Maynard's Lord, who detests competition and strife,
As well in the chase, as in social life,
Than whom nobody harder has rode in his time,
But to *crane* (*b*) now and then, now thinks it no crime—
That he beat some crack riders most fairly may crow,
For he *liv'd* to the end, tho' he scarcely knows *how*.
With Snaffle add Martingale kept in the rear,
His horses mouth open half up to his ear,
Mr. Wardle, who threat'ned great things over night, (*c*)
Beyond Stretton was left in most terrible plight.
Too lean to be press'd, yet egg'd on by compulsion,
No wonder his nag tumbled into convulsion.
Ah! had he but lost a fore shoe, or fell lame,
'Twould only his *sport* have curtail'd, not his *fame*. (*d*)
Lorraine, (*e*) than whom no one his game plays more safe,
Who the last than the first prefers seeing by half—
What with *nicking*, (*f*) and keeping a constant look out,
Every turn of the scent surely turn'd to account.
The wonderful pluck of his horse surpris'd some,
But he knew they were making *point blank for his home.*
" *Short home*" to be brought we all should desire,
Could we manage the trick like the *Enderby Squire*. (*g*)

(*a*) Indeed so implicit is this article of the Meltonian belief, that many a horse, in addition to the misfortune of breaking his hoof from losing his shoe, has laboured likewise under the aforesaid unavoidable imputation, to his everlasting disgrace.

(*b*) *Crane*—The term derives it's origin from the necessary *extension of neck* of such sportsmen as dare to incur the reproach, by venturing "*to look before they leap.*"

(*c*) Who was said to have threatened, that he would beat the whole field the next day.

(*d*) For which express purpose, more than *sport*, some are *silly* enough to suppose he hunts; and which, though he did actually succeed in, in *one* instance some seasons ago, he probably never will do again, having threatened it frequently since, with as little success.

(*e*) Mr. Lorraine Smith.

(*f*) A term of great *reproach*, according to the above dialect, to those who are so shabby as to *cut across* to the hounds, when it is esteemed so much more *honourable* to follow their very track; by which *spirited* line of conduct, *they* may be pretty certain of never seeing them *at all*.

(*g*) Where Mr. Lorraine Smith lives.

Wild *Shelley* (*a*) at starting, all ears, and all eyes,
Who to get a *good* start all experiments tries,
Yet contriv'd it so ill, as to throw out poor *Gipsey*, (*b*)
Whom he rattled along as if he'd been tipsey
To catch them again; but tho' famous for speed,
She never could *touch* (*c*) them, much less *get a lead*. (*d*)
So, dishearten'd, (*e*) disjointed, and beat, home he swings,
Not much unlike a fidler hung upon strings.
An *H. H.* (*f*) who in Leicestershire never had been,
So of course such a *tickler* (*g*) ne'er could have seen;
Just to see them throw off, on a *raw* (*h*) horse was mounted,
Who a hound had ne'er seen, or a fence had confronted.
But they found in such style, (*i*) and went off at such score, (*k*)
That he could not resist the attempt to see more:
So with scrambling, (*l*) and dashing (*m*) and one rattling fall, (*n*)
He saw all the fun, up to Stretton's white Hall.
There they anchor'd—in plight not a little distressing—
The horse being *raw*, he of course got a dressing.
That wonderful mare of *Vanneck's*, who till now,
By no chance ever tir'd, (*o*) was taken in tow:
And what's worse, she gave *Van* such a develish jog
In the face with her head, plunging out of a bog,
That with eye black as ink, or as Edward's fam'd Prince,
Half blind has he been, and quite deaf ever since.

(*a*) Sir John Shelley—wild with *joy upon these occasions* must be here meant, as no one can be, personally, more *serious and sedate*—indeed, if the worthy Baronet has a *foible*, it is—*gravity*.

(*b*) Sir John Shelley's mare.

(*c*) *Touch*—Meaning, according to the Melton dialect, *overtake*.

(*d*) *Get a lead*—By which is to be understood, securing the *privilege* of breaking your neck *first*; and when you fall, of being rode over by a hundred and ninety-nine of the best fellows upon earth, to a *dead* certainty.

(*e*) Nor can that astonish any one, when it is considered, what an *inestimable privilege* he has lost.

(*f*) It is not quite clear whether these initials are meant to apply to a *Hampshire hog*, or the *Hampshire hunt*. If to the hog, it does not appear that he saved his bacon.

(*g*) *Tickler*—(*Meltonice*) a run so severe, that there is no *laughing* at it.

(*h*) *Raw*—(*Ibid*) A horse who knew nothing of the business he was going about—or *wished* to know.

(*i*) *Style* means, the best possible manner of doing any thing. As for instance, when a man rides his horse full speed at double posts, and rails, with a *Squire Trap* on the other side, (which is a *moderate* ditch of about two yards wide, cut on purpose to break gentlemens' necks) he is then reckoned, at Melton, to have rode it *in style*; especially if he is caught in the said *Squire Trap*.

(*k*) *Score*, means that kind of *pace*, which perhaps neither you nor your horse ever went before; and if you have not more luck than falls to the share of every first experiment of the kind, 'tis ten to one but he falls before he can (what *they* call) *get on his legs*; in which case, you may *rest perfectly satisfied* that he must roll over you two or three times at least before he can stop himself.

(*l*) *Scrambling* means, when a horse does not leave above *three* of his legs behind him, and *saves* himself by pitching on his head.

(*m*) *Dashing* means, when a man *charges* a fence (which no other word can express so fully) on the other side of which it is impossible to guess *what* mischief awaits him, but where his getting a fall is reduced as nearly as possible, to a *moral certainty*.

(*n*) *Rattling fall*—Q E D.

(*o*) Which, if other proof were wanting, ascertains *beyond any thing else*, the severity of this chase.

" But

" *But let that not mortify thee, Shackaback*"—(*a*)
She only was *blown* (*b*) and came a *rare hack.*
There *Craven* too stopp'd—whose misfortune, not fault,
His mare unaccountably vex'd with *string-halt*, (*c*).
And when she had ceas'd thus *Spasmodic* to prance,
Her mouth 'gan to twitch with *St. Vitus's dance.* (*c*)
But how shall describ'd be the fate of *Rose Price?* (*d*)
Whose fav'rite white gelding convey'd him so nice
Thro' thick and thro' thin, that he vow'd and protested, (*e*)
No money should part them, as long as life lasted.
But *the pace* (*f*) that effected, which money could not:
For to part—and in death! was their no distant lot.
In a fatal blind ditch *Carlo Khan's* (*g*) powers fail'd,
Where nor lancet, (*h*) nor laudanum (*h*) either avail'd.
More care (*i*) of a horse than he took, could take no man—
He'd more *straw* than would serve any lying-in woman.
Still he died!—yet just *how*, as nobody knows,
It may truly be said—He died "*under the Rose.*"
At the death of poor *Khan*, *Melton* (*k*) feels such remorse,
That they've christen'd *that* ditch—*the Vale of White Horse!*
Thus ended a chase, which for distance and speed,
It's fellow we never have heard of, or read.
Every species of ground, ev'ry horse does not suit,
What's a good *Country* (*l*) *Hunter*, may here prove a brute,

 And

(*a*) A familiar appellation, borrowed from *Blue Beard*, and bestowed by his friends at *Melton*, on *Mr. Vanneck*, than which nothing can more thoroughly prove the estimation in which his society is held there, since none but *good fellows* are ever esteemed, according to the *Meltonion* principles, worthy of a nick name.

(*b*) Which was *his own* observation, the merit of which I would scorn to assume; but for the truth of which (at least the *latter* assertion) I can vouch, as I perfectly agree with him, that I never saw a more *compleat hack*, though he is pleased to call her a hunter.

(*c*) (c) Two nervous affections, in every sense of the word very *distressing*, especially to a bye-stander who cannot command his risible muscles upon so *melancholy* an occasion.

(*d*) A gentleman, of whom it has been *erroneously* said, that he never returned from hunting, but his horse was sure to be either *lame or knocked up*

(*e*) At the cover side, his horse had been particularly admired, and a considerable sum of money offered for him.

(*f*) Which is a complete answer to that impertinent question, so vauntingly asked by a favourite poet, when he exclaims—in language indeed somewhat *bold*—" Pray what can do that, which money can not?"

(*g*) The name of *poor Mr. Price's horse.*

(*h*) (*h*) Two excellent restoratives where the patient is not *too* far gone—where he is, (as in the psesent case) inimitable soporifics.

(*i*) Indeed it is only to be lamented, that Mr. P. had not taken rather more care of him *a little earlier* in the day, which probably would have obviated the necessity of this *accouchment.*

(*k*) Which redounds highly to the credit and the *sympathy* of the *Melton* gentlemen, and completely refutes a very ill-natured but *groundless* supposition, that their sensibility will ever suffer them to make a *joke* of any such heavy loss a gentleman may happen to sustain, especially if the gentleman likewise happens to be heavy himself, which, of course, doubles the weight of the misfortune

(*l*) As every *Country Gentleman* may not comprehend the *force* of expression, he ought to know, that the *Meltonians*, hold every horse that cannot—" *Go along a flapping pace*" —" *Stay at that pace*"—" *Skim ridge and furrow*"—" *Catch his horses*"—" *Top a* *flight*

And unless for all sorts of strange fences prepar'd,
A man and his horse are sure to be scar'd.
This variety gives constant *life* to the chase;
But as *Forester* (*a*) says—" *Sir, what* KILLS, *is the* PACE."
In most other countries, they boast of their breed,
For carrying, at times, such a beautiful *head*; (*b*)
But the hounds to carry a head cannot fail,
And constantly too—for by George there's—*no tail.* (*c*)
Talk of horses, and hounds, and the system of kennel—
Give me Leicestershire nags—and the hounds of OLD MEYNELL.

THE APPARITION.

UPROSE the eastern wind so foul and drear,
And fill'd my visual orbs with many a tear;
The pavement rang with more than mortal sound;
Wide flew huge stones uprooted from the ground:
Women and children shriek'd, and fled the sprite,
Who fill'd each pale spectator with affright.
The vision fast approach'd: his steed's lank side
By spurs of wond'rous length in blood was dy'd—
If spurs they were—far shone the polish'd steel
And seem'd two daggers stuck to either heel:
No corn, no hay, to this poor beast was known,
Nor flesh and blood, he seem'd but only bone.
Ruddy and fresh the hasty knight appear'd,
Unkempt his hair, and long unmow'd his beard;
No waving helmet on his noddle sat,
But what, without a crown, appeared a hat.
His upper vest, blue as the welkin seem'd;
His nether garment like a mirror gleam'd;
Before him, on his lap, to all display'd,
Was, sans a lid, an unglaz'd coffin laid,
Within whose gloomy depth the surly knight,
Carry'd a bleeding limb, full large and white:
Deeper and deeper did this foul churl hide
His mighty spurs within the horse's side,
Till the unseemly vision at my gate
Stopp'd suddenly—I trembl'd at my fate:
Pull'd by his nervous arm, the tinkling bell
'Gan sound most hedious, when, strange to tell,
My cook-maid entered with a look of joy,
Sir, here's the leg of pork, and there's the butcher's boy!

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flight of rails"—" *Come well in the next field*"—" *Charge an ox fence*"—" *Go in and out clever*"—" *Face a Brush*"—" *Swish at a Rasper.*" And, in short,—" *Do all that kind of thing*"—phrases so plain and intelligible, that it's impossible to *mistake* their meaning. A horse is held in the same contempt in *Leicestershire*, as a coxcomb holds a country bumpkin. In vulgar countries (*i. e. all others*) where these accomplishments are not indispensable, he *may* be a hunter.

(*a*) A Gentleman who *practically explains* all the above accomplishments, to the great edification of young horses, and the no less *astonishment of weak minds.*

(*b*) A favourite maxim of Mr. Forester's; of the truth of which, he seldom loses an opportunity of endeavouring to make his friends *thoroughly sensible.*

(*c*) As heads and tails are not hear to be understood in the common acceptation of the words; and as all Ladies are not sportswomen enough to be aware that they have no reference to the human head or tail, they should know, that when you can " *cover the hounds with a sheet,*" (which any Meltonian will explain to them more particularly) they are then said to carry a *beautiful head.* When, on the contrary, they follow the leader in a line, like a flight of wild fowl, they are then said—*to tail.*